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HOW THE CAPITAL CAME TO THE POTOMAC.

BY MARY S. LOCKWOOD.

DURING the Revolution the Continental Congress was little else than an itinerancy, holding its sessions in four different States and eight cities: New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Lancaster, York, Princeton, Annapolis, and Trenton.

After the independence of the colonies was established some of the disbanded troops from Lancaster came clamoring at the doors of Congress, then sitting in Philadelphia, for money due them. Congress was powerless and called upon the Metropolitan police to quell the mob. They were unwilling, or unable to do so. Congress thereupon adjourned to Princeton, New Jersey.

This awakened the people to the importance of the selection of a Capital. It could not be established in any municipal city where the Government had no jurisdiction.

For the next four years the Congress of the Confederation was exercised over this subject; but as no official record of the debates has been preserved, it is only through the tenor of the resolutions adopted that we can glean an insight into the methods or appreciate the trouble that attended a solution of the vexed question.

These years of controversy over the location of the National Capital brought to the front the foremost men of the times. According to Mr. Jefferson's statement the session of 1790 was one of dissension and bitterness, marked by an obstinate and honorable scheme of Alexander Hamilton's to assume the State debts, amounting to twenty millions of dollars—preserving the public credit; and another measure was for a permanent seat of the Federal Government.

Alexander Hamilton had drawn up a bill, which called for the funding of the Federal debt, and assuming the debts which the States, several of them, had contracted to carry on the Revolutionary War.

The chief arguments were two. First that it was an invasion of State prerogatives for the General Government to levy taxes to pay debts which the States separately had contracted, and, second, that it was unfair that those States whose debts were not embarrassing should be obliged to share the burdens of States whose debts were large.

At this time Jefferson was Secretary of State and Hamilton Secretary of the Treasury.

The representatives who most strongly opposed the measure were Richard Bland Lee and Alexander White, of Virginia.

The debates became very threatening. Lee said "that if the General Government assumed the State debts due to individuals the measure would be so evidently partial that he dreaded the consequences," and White took the position that it would lessen the influence of the States; they would be reduced lower than they should be, while the General Government would be elevated on their ruin.

The assumption bill was defeated April 12, 1790, in committee of the whole, by a vote of 31 to 29; thereby the whole funding measure was jeopardized. The most intense excitement followed and little business was done.

It was of much more importance that the public credit be protected than that a site for the Capital be chosen, for upon that rested the financial standing of this new nation over the sea, in the eyes of the world.

Hamilton was nervous and excited and urged Jefferson to aid in its reconsideration. The North favored assumption, the South opposed it.

The East, for geographical reasons, had no hope of obtaining the Capital.

The Middle States were anxious that the Federal Government should be fixed at Philadelphia, or near there. The two sections had a combined interest, and would have been successful but for the opposition of the South.

Virginia and Maryland also had manifested their claims for the Capital, and steps had already been taken by their Legislature toward the consummation of that object.

Mr. White, on May 15, 1789, laid resolutions before the House of Representatives, that were passed by the General Assembly of Virginia December 27, 1788, offering ten miles square of any portion of the State for the new Federal city. On the day following this Seney, of Maryland, made the same kind of offer from the Legislature of his State. Each of these States contemplated that the site would be chosen on the Potomac, therefore both would profit by the selection.

A compact was entered into between these two States by which Virginia was to raise \$120,000 toward the erection of public buildings in the new Capital, and Maryland three-fifths of the sum provided the site be chosen on the Potomac.

Lee had on September 3d offered a resolution in Congress, "That a place as nearly central as a convenient communication with the Atlantic Ocean and an easy access to the Western Territory will permit, ought to be selected and established as the permanent seat of the Government of the United States." This was seconded by Daniel Carroll, of Maryland, and supported by Madison who affirmed that the region of the Potomac River met the requirements more completely than any other place. It soon became evident that the combination which failed in carrying the Assumption Bill, not long before, was strong enough to defeat the bill locating the Capital in the South. The House bill decided the site to be on the Susquehanna River. The bill was sent to the Senate September 22 and when it was sent back to the House September 26, the location was changed to Germantown, Pennsylvania. This was accepted by the House with a small amendment which sent it back to the Senate for further action. Other business interfering the bill died on the eve of adoption.

It was at this juncture that Hamilton met Jefferson on the street, in Philadelphia, and arm in arm they walked back and forth before the President's house for half an hour.

Jefferson in his Annals says that—

"Hamilton was in despair. He painted pathetically the temper into which the legislature had been wrought, the disgust of those called the 'Creditor States,' the danger of the secession of its members and the separation of the States. He said that the members of the administration ought to act in concert; that the President was the center on which all administrative questions finally rested; that all of us should rally around him, and support by joint effort measures approved by him; that an appeal from me to the judgment and discretion of my friends might effect a change in the vote, and the machinery of government now suspended might be set in motion. I told him that I was really a stranger to the whole subject not having yet informed myself of the system adopted. That if rejection endangered dissolution of the Union at this incipient stage I should deem it the most unfortunate of all consequences; to avert which all partial and temporary evils should be yielded. I proposed to him to dine with me the next day, and I would invite another friend or two, and bring them into conference together; and I thought it impossible that reasonable men, consulting together coolly, could fail, by some mutual sacrifices of opinion to form a compromise that would save the Union. The discussion took place. It was finally agreed that whatever importance had been attached to the rejection of this proposition the preservation of the Union and concord among the States was important and that therefor it would be better that the vote of rejection should be rescinded, to effect which some members should change their votes."

"But it was observed that this pill would be peculiarly bitter to the Southern States, and that some concomitant measures should be adopted to sweeten it a little to them. There had been a proposition to fix the seat of Government either at Philadelphia or Georgetown, on the Potomac; and it was thought by giving it to Philadelphia for ten years and to Georgetown permanently afterwards, this might as an anodyne calm in some degree the ferment which might be excited by the other measure alone. So two of the Potomac members, White and Lee, agreed to change their votes and Hamilton undertook to carry the other point. In doing this the influence he had established over the Eastern members and the agency of Robert Morris with those of the Middle States, effected his side of the engagement; and so the assumption bill was passed. Twenty millions of stock divided among favored States, and thrown in as pabulum, to the stock jobbing herd, and the permanent Capital fixed on the Potomac.

Mr. Hamilton fulfilled his agreement first. The House passed the bill on July 9, 1790, by a vote of 32 to 29 to locate the Capital on the banks of the Potomac and Conococheague creek. It then passed the Senate and was signed by the President. The following year, 1791, March 30, fifteen years after

the Independence of the United States, followed the amendatory proclamation of President Washington.

It is a significant fact that Hamilton's foresight undoubtedly relieved the country from a very dangerous situation. While White, Lee, and Carroll changed their votes against the assumption bill to relieve the situation, it did not make for them a bed of roses more than it did for the members of the East and Middle States who voted for the Potomac site. Some of the doggerel of the day found its way into the papers. Here's Virginia to Massachusetts :

Ye grave learned asses, so fond of molasses,
You're fairly outwitted, you are fairly outwitted.
With this Georgetown motion, oh dear what a potion ;
In the teeth you'll be twitted, in the teeth you'll be twitted.

Massachusetts replies :

The Union you'd sever for the sake of your river,
And give up assumption, and give up assumption ;
There's White and there's Lee and there's Maryland G.,
Wise men all of gumption, wise men all of gumption ;
Then there's Daniel Carroll, who looks like a barrel,
Of Catholic faith, sir, of Catholic faith, sir ;
He swore he was true, but the bung, sir, it flew,
And went off in a breath, sir, went off in a breath, sir.

A servant girl, in writing a friend in New York, said of her master :

In fact, he would rather saw timber or dig
Than see them remove to Conococheague,
Where the houses and kitchens are yet to be framed.
The trees to be felled and the streets to be named.

After all this controversy it is a very significant fact that Congress fixed absolutely no definite place for the site of the capital city. It gave to the President of the United States power to choose any site on the River Potomac between the mouth of the eastern branch (Anacostia) to the mouth of the Conococheague. In fact he could make his choice within a distance of about a hundred miles, following the river windings from the present site of Washington to where the Conococheague joins the Potomac at Williamsport, Washington

County, about seven miles from Hagerstown. Under this act the President had it in his power to have fixed the Capital one hundred miles up the river.

A contemporaneous letter of Oliver Wolcott's says: "In 1800 we are to go to the Indian place, with the long name, on the Potomac," meaning Conococheague.

The result shows that the rare judgment of General Washington was peculiarly illustrated in the selection of the site of the metropolitan city, which will continue to bear his name as long as the Nation lives.

Many anxious hours of his busy life were given to the subject of the location of the Capital of the Nation that he believed was destined to rival any the world had ever known.

He had a spirit above the paltry speculations that have sometimes claimed that the proximity of Mount Vernon and its broad acres was the loadstone that influenced his decision. Pause but one moment upon any of the heights that crown the city on all sides and you will discover that nature, in her most lavish moments could not have contributed more generously to the beauty of any spot. East, west, north, and south of the city the country rolls away to mountains or sea, presenting a picturesque landscape here and there divided by the river as it winds its way to the ocean.

It needed no sordid motive to impress the grandeur of the view upon Washington and his associates in fixing definitely the spot upon which the Capital should rise toward that heaven which had blessed its projectors in their efforts to build the temple of liberty.

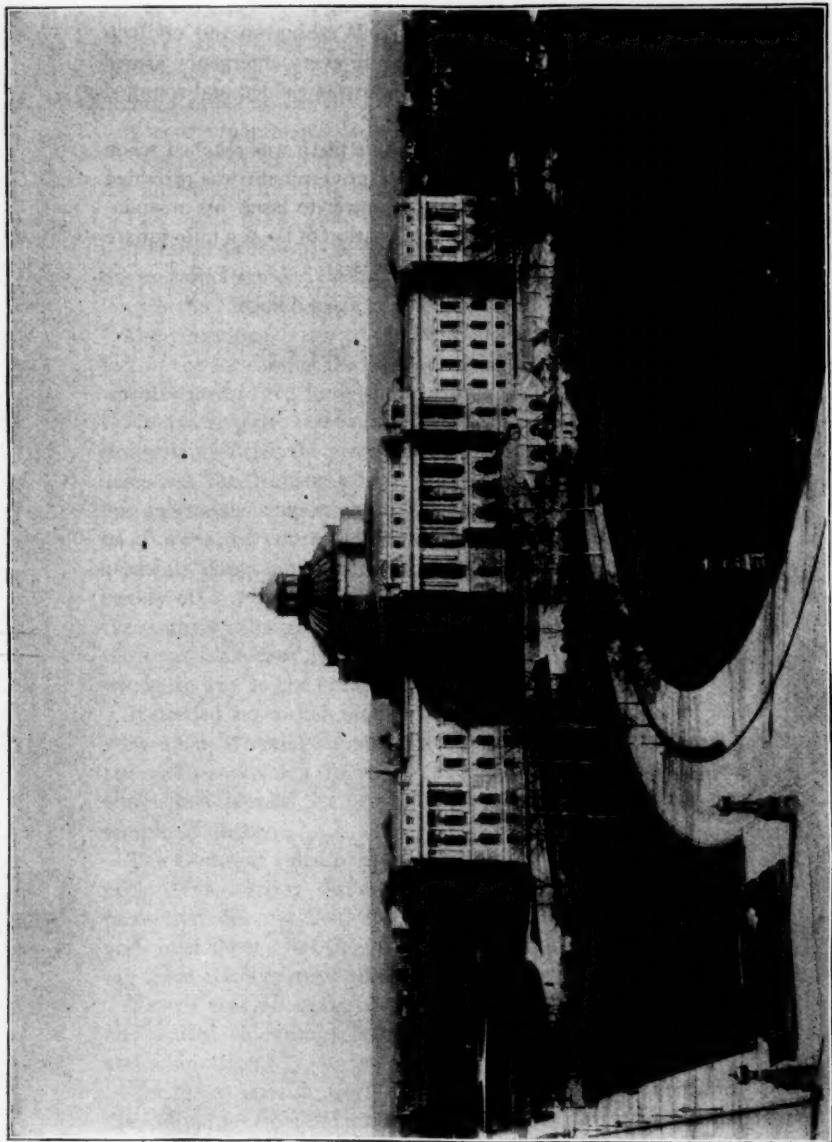
The God that ruled over the destinies of our forefathers was not a Zeus, hurling thunderbolts, but a Thor wielding a hammer—they did not float on the wings of fate with the Greek gods over them; but they hammered away the Norse god giving them courage until all obstacles were overcome.

Their's was a courage that looked into the dull dark future and smiled—a courage before which we pause with reverence and admiration.

The great specific work of this civilization was to separate the individual from the masses and exalt him into a personality.

Freedom gave the opportunity to Washington and civilization stimulated him—we find him in every emergency armed with Thor's hammer, and the Nation was welded and rounded and the work was pronounced good.

The crowning point of the Nation's birth was reached when a permanent home for the Nation's government was provided for and Washington was given the power to issue his amendatory proclamation completing the location of the ten mile square in conformity with the act of Congress.

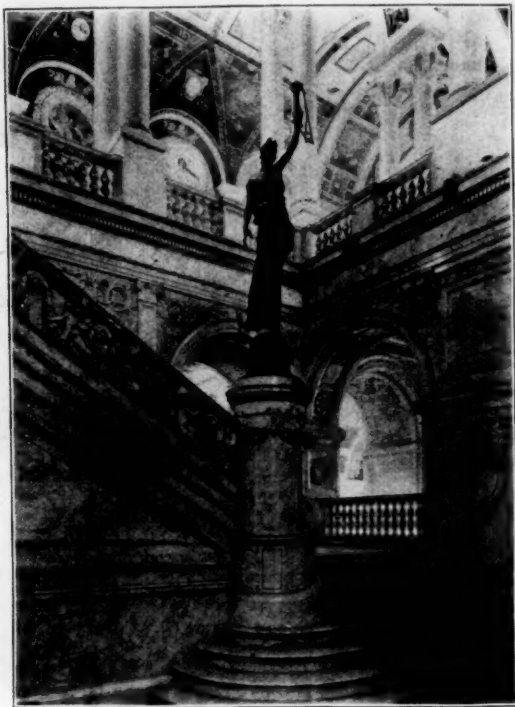


Congressional Library.

THE NATIONAL CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.

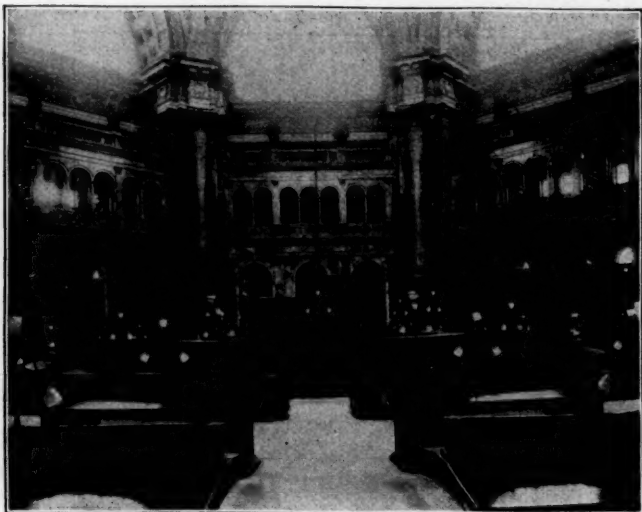
AS PICTURED BY KIT OF THE TORONTO MAIL.

AS EVERYONE knows, when the British burned the Capitol at Washington, in 1814, the library rooms and books were destroyed. After that there were three other great fires which

*Section of Main Staircase.*

destroyed various gatherings of books. Then Congress made an appropriation for fire-proof quarters for its volumes. They were queer old quarters when I looked into them a few weeks ago. Long, narrow, corridor-like places packed with books. Books on shelves, on tables, and piled on the floor. Every-

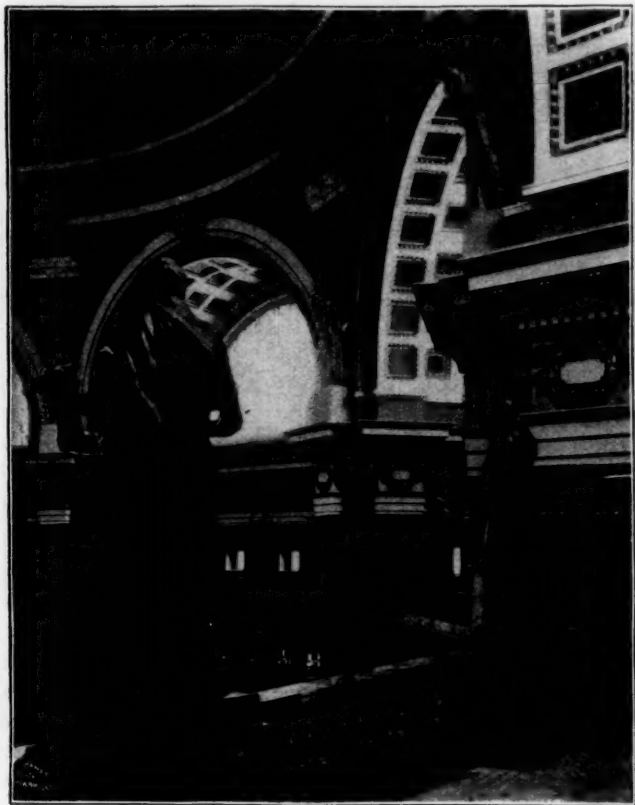
thing was in preparation for removal to the new and exquisite Congressional library across the way from the Capitol. I say exquisite advisably. The gushing adjective is old and jaded through much using, yet it is the most fitting to use in regard to the great building, but recently finished in Washington. The Book Palace, wherein at the moment two million volumes



The Public Reading Room.

can be stored, with "squeeze-room," for two million five hundred thousand more. It is a vast structure of white granite, the purest and whitest known. Its dimensions are four hundred and seventy by three hundred and forty feet, and there are four wide inner courts one hundred and fifty feet in length by seventy-five to one hundred in width. A few facts like these had best be set down before one gets to the poetic soul of the place; continuing, therefore, there are two thousand windows, three floors, walls sixty-nine feet high to the roof, and dome one hundred and ninety feet from the ground. The architecture is—like that of most of the Washington buildings—Italian renaissance. Upon the keystone of thirty-three of the

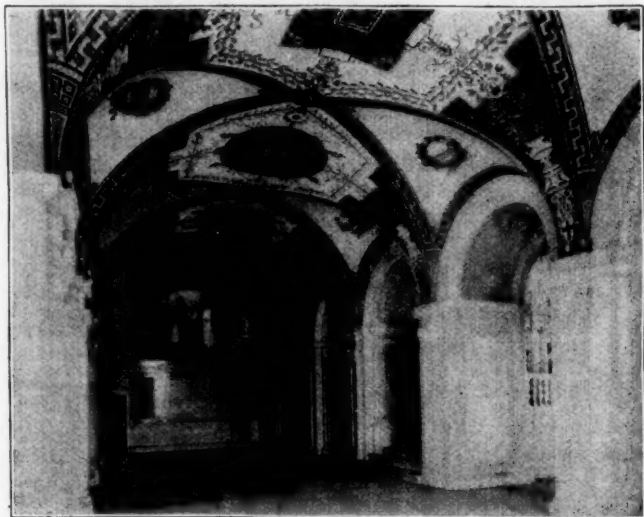
window-arches on the four great sides of the building are thirty-three sculptured human heads, types of so many races of men. They are carved in the solid granite, and give the note



Gallery of Rotunda.

of strength. But with all these, and countless other dry facts, one had little to do. We wandered one day into a white palace through great bronze doors, and stood in a place of white marble of that pure, faintly bluish tone which suggests Greece, and ice-fields, and somehow—chill sexless women. There was no glow, no passion, no life—simply great pillars, that lost

themselves in a white foam of marble, palm-leaf, and festoons of flowers. A great double staircase leads up from the foyer, reminding one for an instant of Paris and the beautiful opera staircase. Bronze lamp-bearers stand upon the newel posts of the staircase, giving a deep, sombre, and trifle harsh note of colour to all this whiteness.



North Vault, First Floor.

The Rotunda, or Reading Room, is reached through the Ionic doorway between the grand staircases. It almost takes your breath away. Here, indeed, is glow of soft color; here the climax of architectural and decorative art is reached. Imagine an octagonal hall one hundred feet in diameter, one hundred and twenty-five feet high, lighted by eight great windows, each thirty-two feet wide. A desk, or number of desks, is railed off in the center. All round are set desks and deep chairs for readers. Each reading-desk has four feet of room to work in, and you are isolated from your neighbor by screens or curtains. Eight heavy pillars of Tennessee marble, deep purplish in color, rise forty feet towards the dome. Then they break into an ivory-tinted Numidian marble, which foams up

towards the hollow concave of the dome, like some wild dream of Arabian Nights, and is lost in the figures in fresco symbolizing the relations of the nations to human progress. Half way up, amid this sea of yellowish marble, stand gods of heroic

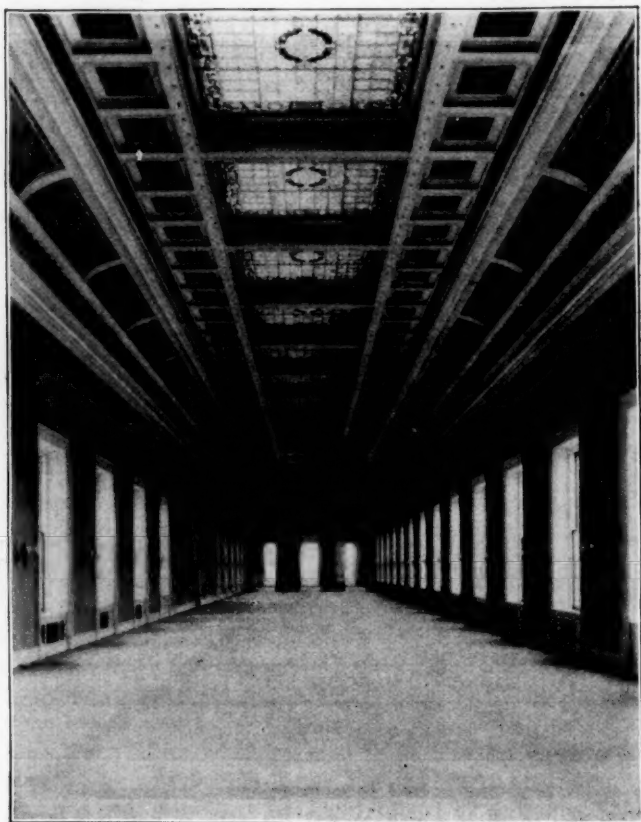


South Vault, Second Story.

size, like to those which topped the slender peristyle in the White City, and looked abroad one happy summer across the gray Michigan waters. "Art" is here by St. Gaudens, "History," by Daniel French; "Law," "Commerce," "Religion"—all the things that delight and vex humanity. And great men in bronze are here. Homer, and Plato, and Bacon, Shakespeare, Michael Angelo, and Beethoven, Moses and St. Paul—

all the Immortals—but among them all—oh, America! Not one woman!

One looked for George Eliot and Harriet Beecher Stowe, and



Art Gallery.

a few of the great women, but beyond mythical women, representing Literature, Art, Music, the Nations, I saw no perpetuation of the work women have done in art and letters.

There are enormous stack rooms, with floors of white marble, and shelves of marble on bars of rolled steel, and spaced to give

good ventilation for the books, and prevent the gathering of dust. The shelves are adjustable to any height. Each stack has a shelving capacity of eight hundred thousand volumes. It is all great and wonderful, and most beautiful. For presently, scorning guide books, we wandered up and down wide corridors and into rooms and halls. The general plan of colour is harmonious and chaste—all but the violent reds and greens



Pavilion of the Seats.

of the galleries which run round the great staircase. And these were royally barbaric and eastern. A perfect riot of Arabian Nights dream colouring. There are halls whose ceilings are exquisite paintings by Vedtler and Alexander Walker and Guttherz, Lyric, Poetry, Greek heroes of history and mythology, the Evolution of the Book, War, Peace, Commerce—all these and others. Guttherz' ceiling panels, representing the spectrums of light, are sublime. From the center panel, out of a cloud of mist, comes a glimmer of colour—the prismatic colours. "Let there be Light," it whispers, and filling out in one grand chorus of colour comes the "And there was light."

What light? That of Research, of Truth, of Astronomy, of Progress and Poetry. You pass along the west corridor, and, looking into the dome, behold the nine Muses—nine glorified women. Cameo figures, dainty and frail, as china shepherdesses, dance gaily in a little edge of ceiling. Exquisite angel heads look wistfully down at you from odd corners, and here and there a great woman's face. Some splendid creature bronze-haired and purple-wrapped, imperial in face and form, looks out with big eyes from some unexpected wall niche. You are walking with the gods along marble halls, whose roofs vault off in faint and exquisite harmonies of delicate gray and rose and ivory. You are by this time quite prepared for anything. Aladdin's lamp must have waved about this beautiful building. You are prepared for astonishments everywhere and only sigh a little as you enter the Pompeian room. For here you are among the ancient Romans, looking at the artistic Pompeian red colouring, at the brilliant array of arabesque panels in light colour; at the little dancing figures upon this red background which are copied from those on the walls of the Royal Museum at Naples, whither in their turn they were taken from Pompeii itself. The signs of the Zodiac flash out from the six arched windows. One could gossip through many pages of the exquisite art—bits that come upon you from every niche and corner, Vedder's "Minerva," Maynard's "Virtues," floating in the stairhall panels. Dodge's great paintings of Music, Art, Literature, Science and Ambition; Pratt's great medallions representing the seasons, and Van Ingen's wonderful female figures in the Pavilion of the Seals, and all the other delights of this supremely beautiful building would take columns to describe minutely. And all that one can say is: Take all the delicate, slender beauty of the Peristyle in the White City, all the glory of colouring in the Art Palace, all the gorgeousness of those great streets that ran under the glass roofs of great manufactures, all the prehistoric imaginings of the Anthropological Hall, and the shimmering marbles and porphyry and metals of the Palace Mines—refine these once, nay twice—skim the cream of the World's Fair in all the ways of architecture and art, and you have some faint hintings of the beauty and majesty of the library Washington has built unto herself.

KATHERINE GAYLORD—HEROINE.

FIRST PRIZE STORY.

[By Florence E. D. Muzzy.]

"BEAUTIFUL Wyoming—fair Wyoming! Not iron-bound, like those rocky New England shores; but smooth and fertile—easy to till, rich in harvest! Come, let us go!"

How often, may we believe, did Katherine Gaylord listen to these and like persuasions before she could bring herself to say: "Wither thou goest, I will go!" and to leave the loved, rock-bound New England for the lovely, but fearsome home in the wilderness. It could not have been an easy thing to do, for "only he is strong whose strength is tried," and the time had not yet come to prove her mettle.

The tale of much contention for this most desirable abiding place is oft-told. Over its beautiful woods and streams hovered an atmosphere of strife and hate. The aborigines fought for it among themselves, and when the white man came, fought for it with him.

Later, untrustworthy Indian sales and ignorant, invalid grants by Royalty added to the confusion of property rights. Finally the country came to be claimed at one and the same time, by the Six Nations, Pennsylvania and Connecticut.

In 1768 Connecticut formed here a town, calling it by the suggestive name of Westmoreland.

This was divided into townships five miles square, each to be given to "forty" settlers who should agree to remain there, improve and protect the property. The first "forty" arrived in 1769 at Wyoming (called by the red man "Waugh-wau-wame," shortened by the white into "Wau-wame," and anglicized later into Wyoming.)

In 1770 the "forty" began the famous "Forty Fort" at Kingston township, Westmoreland, but were interrupted by the Pennamite war. Five times were the Yankees expelled by the Pennsylvanians, and five times came back with true Yankee grit to "man their rights." The completion of Forty Fort followed the cessation of hostilities. It was built of up-

right timbers, closely set. A row of cabins, many of them containing several rooms, was ranged against the timbers within; while again, within this circle of homes was an open space or parade large enough for the drilling of an entire company. In one of these cabins Katherine Gaylord had afterward a home.

The fort held one store and a mill (consisting of a samp-mortar, made of a burned log, with pestle worked by a spring-pole). Before 1773 Westmoreland had called a minister, and a doctor had immigrated thither. A tax was laid to support free schools; a land office was established, and military organization not neglected. The soil was prolific, sheep and cattle plentiful, food and clothing abundant. Peace seemed at last to brood over the beautiful valley, while back in New England the war-cloud hung low. No wonder one "Forty" followed another so rapidly.

In April-May, 1775, Katherine Gaylord, in her Connecticut home, saw her husband, at the call for troops after the Lexington Alarm, march to the front—Boston and vicinity. Detachments of the brigade to which Aaron Gaylord belonged took part in the battle of Bunker Hill. It is probable that he was among them, as at the expiration of his term, in December, he returned to his home in New Cambridge, now Bristol, Connecticut. This entry is found in Connecticut Records, May, 1777: Aaron Gaylord established by the Assembly to be lieutenant of Third Company, Twenty-fourth Regiment.

Early in 1776, hearing no doubt wonderful tales of fertile Wyoming, he moved to the "Far West," with his wife, Katherine Cole, and their three children, Lemuel, Phebe and Lorena—the oldest, Lemuel, being about eleven at this time.

It is supposed, though not recorded, that they joined one of the "Forties" continually going out. The journey, occupying about three weeks (time enough, in these rapid transit days, to cross the continent itself three times, or travel half way around the world!) was made on horseback, with all their worldly goods.

Doubtless she found it hard enough, even with the strong arm of her husband to hew her path; but looking back upon it, in her terrible journey home three years later, Katherine

Gaylord must have felt that, measured by suffering, the way out was easy and comfort, in comparison.

They settled in Forty Fort, and lived the usual frontier life of more or less poverty and deprivation. Katherine related in after years much of that life to her children and grandchildren, but many of her tales are faded and lost in the mists of the past. Viewing however, the self-sacrificing life of woman as a whole, in those hard days we may come better to understand her own; for surely she was never one to sit idly by, while others toiled.

From the remembered tales of her own lips, then, and from the recollections of others, we can see her, in addition to the care of her own home and family, toiling in fort or field while the men were away upon public service, planting, garnering grain, husking corn, making hay; riding miles to mill, with laden steed, waiting for the wheat to be ground, and bringing it home through long stretches of darkening forests; and, later on, even making the salt-petre used in the manufacture of powder for public defence.

When dry-goods were gone, and money failed she fashioned garments from her own clothing, that her children might go to school. One hardly knows whether to laugh or cry over the untoward fate of Phebe's new gown, made from her mother's red flannel petticoat! This, having been hung out upon a line to dry, fell a victim to a lawless marauder from neighbor Robert's pig pen and Phebe was left lamenting! Let us hope that good Mistress Roberts possessed an extra flannel petticoat of brilliant hue, which was made a free will offering in behalf of Phebe's education. Every mother knows that there could have been no limit to the daily acts of self-denial which the frontier mother practiced.

In personal appearance, they who remember Katherine Gaylord unite in describing her as small and frail of build, or at least, of hardly medium stature; with blue eyes, brown or fair hair, delicate complexion, and fine features; hardly our ideal of a rugged pioneer woman. Power of spirit cannot always be gauged by power of body, nor force of character by outward seeming. In old age she is described by one still living, who

knew her well, as a "very intelligent, agreeable and highly respected" person in her community.

It would seem that the family had friends in Wyoming for history states that a brother of Aaron "who died in the service" had settled in upper Wyoming.

The valley now held hundreds of homes, with barns, stacks of grain, and everything in plenty agriculturally considered. The commercial status is partly shown by the following list of prices:

Men's farm labor, three summer months, per day,	5s. 3d.
Women's labor, spinning, per week,	6s.
Making horse-shoes, and shoeing horse,	8s.
Taverners, best dinner,	2s.
Taverners, mug of flip, with 2 gills rum,	4s.
Good yarn stockings, a pair,	10s.
Beaver hats, best,	4/.
Tobacco, in hank, or leaf, 1 pound,	9d.
Good check flannel, yard wide,	8s.
Winter-fed beef, per pound,	7s.
Good barley, per bushel,	8s.
Dozen eggs,	8d.
Shad, apiece,	6d.

In December, 1777, six months before his death, Aaron Gaylord is upon the Westmoreland records as one of the appointed "fence-viewers" for the ensuing year. In those days of few and uncertain boundaries, this must have been an important work.

Wyoming was an extreme frontier, the key to a large territory beyond, the Six Nations were within a few hours' canoeing; and nearly all the able-bodied men of the valley were now called to help save their country—leaving their own homes to possible destruction.

Given these conditions, it was an unaccountable fact that Congress did not respond to the appeals sent now by the helpless settlers for protection. Those remaining did all they could. They went to the field with rifle, as well as hoe. They sent out scouting parties to watch the Indian trails and report weekly. In this service Aaron Gaylord must have shared.

In May the scouts began to encounter the savages; although it had previously seemed the enemy's policy to remain in hiding, apparently fearing—as it proved—to alarm the settlers

and cause the recall of the two companies from the seat of war before the Six Nations were ready for the attack.

Now and then small squads of the Indians, covered with paint, would land before the fort making warlike demonstrations, to the great alarm of those within.

People from the outer settlements began to come into the forts. Congress was again notified that an attack was imminent; but still the Wyoming companies were not allowed to return. Appeals to justice, mercy or policy seemed to have no effect upon Congress in its strange obtuseness to the dreadful peril of the colonists. About thirty Wyoming soldiers did return "with or without leave," but even then, the number of fighters was appallingly small.

It is probable that it was at this time of confusion and absence of regular officers, that Aaron Gaylord was appointed temporary commander of the fort, in accordance with the account given by Katherine to her children; but in the absence of official record, we are obliged to pass this by as tradition.

The last of June, the Seneca's and other Indians to the number of six or seven hundred, with four hundred British provincials and a number of Tories, descended the river, landed twenty miles above the fort, crossed the valley, and murdered several settlers.

A prisoner taken by them was sent to the fort, demanding surrender, which was refused.

A council of war was immediately held at the fort, at which the majority argued that, as no help could be expected, the massacre of the fort's company was only a question of a few days; and that the only possible way of salvation was to attack and defeat the enemy.

A small minority, of which Aaron Gaylord was one, opposed this plan, feeling that it was worse than folly to venture out, knowing nothing of the strength of the invaders; but being overruled, Aaron Gaylord prepared to go with the others, saying: "*I will go, for I would rather die than be called a coward in such a time as this.*"

One account states that they started early the following morning; but the history of Wyoming says that they went out at noon, marched four miles, and formed a line of battle near

Fort Wintermoot, where the fighting began at four in the afternoon; and the anxious listeners at the fort could tell that the battle was on. Miner's History gives the battle in detail.

During the half hour of open fighting they drew near to the river, and when about eighty rods away, with Menockasy Island a mile distant, it was suddenly discovered that they were surrounded by Indians, who had remained stealthily in ambush until they had passed. They had fallen into the trap. A hideous battle yell, repeated six distinct times, coming from every side, told the dreadful truth.

An order to wheel and face the rear was misunderstood as an order to retreat to the fort, which was clearly an impossibility. In the confusion thus occasioned resistance to such overwhelming numbers was fatal, and so the battle ended and the massacre began, while the helpless listeners at the fort, realizing a change and fearing the worst, waited in vain agony for those who would never come again. Only now and then an exhausted, bleeding straggler would stagger in to tell his heart-rending story.

Menockasy Island offered their only hope, and many sprang into the river to swim across. A few escaped, but many were butchered as they swam, or shot in the thigh and reserved for torture, or happily killed as they surrendered! In their frenzy men shot old friends in cold blood, and one tory was seen deliberately to shoot his own brother.

The leaders of the two armies were of the same name—Butler—and were said to belong to one family.

Out of the three hundred who went forth over half were murdered; comparatively few falling in battle.

A detachment of thirty-five men arrived at the fort at evening, but too late. An attempt to concentrate the people of the valley at the fort was a failure, as fugitives were seeking the swamps and woods in every direction. With one company of one hundred women and children there was but one man. Few had provisions. "Children of misery, baptized in tears," were born and died in the wilderness and swamp.

About nine in the evening there came to Katherine Gaylord in the fort a wornout fugitive—a neighbor of the fort cabins.

He brought to her a hat, narrow brimmed, high crowned—with a bullet hole through the top—her husband's!

He told her all she ever knew of his death. Together the two men had crossed to Menockasy Island closely followed by the savages. It was nearly dusk and the neighbor, running ahead, secreted himself under an uprooted tree, screened by bushes. An instant later Aaron Gaylord ran by, hotly pursued by the Indians. He was almost immediately overtaken and scalped. The savages returned, peering here and there, but in the gathering gloom soon gave up their search and disappeared.

The man in hiding dared not venture forth until after dark, although he knew by the sound that his friend lived for a time.

At length, creeping cautiously out, his foot struck against the hat of the comrade who had fallen a sacrifice to savage hate. Hastily securing it, he brought it with him to the heart-broken wife at the fort—a last relic of a life that was past!

Before he went out to his death Aaron Gaylord had counseled long with his wife and had formed careful plans for her flight should he never come back. Even after mounting his horse he had ridden back again to his own door and, handing her the wallet which contained all the money he had in the world—a few dollars only—said: "Take this, if I never return it may be of some use to you."

That he never should return seems to have been firmly impressed upon the hearts of both husband and wife. The children, Lorena and Lemuel, after related to their children his thoughtfulness in this planning. Lemuel remembered his father as he sat upon his horse giving final directions; and, in obedience to his father's wish, went at once to a distant pasture and brought in their horses to the fort.

"For," said Aaron Gaylord simply, but with a thought covering their entire future, "you may need them."

Katherine bade him good bye as a pioneer woman should—bravely and happily in spite of the sinking heart within; but she seemed to know they would meet no more in this life.

"Great strength is bought with pain"—there was no time for tears.

Recalling his wishes and plans she hurriedly made ready for

instant flight. Upon one horse she hastily packed clothing and provisions; upon the other the four were to ride alternately. Family tradition records that, because of a sudden lameness, Lemuel was forced to ride much of the way, and Katherine herself walked.

Shortly after midnight they rode out of the fort into the horrible blackness beyond, into pathless woods, amongst "savage beasts and still more savage men;" a veritable hades through which she must pass or die! Long, weary, unmarked miles stretched out before her, while he to whom "her heart had turned out o' all the rest i' the world" was suddenly gone to the land that is afar off; his body, that was so dear, lying uncared for behind her in the wilderness. Think of it "oh, women, safe in happy homes."

The little Lorena never forgot that awful moment, and years after would vividly recall it to her grandchildren. "I was Lorena," she would say impressively, "and was the youngest, only seven years old, and I remember but one incident of that night. As my mother, sister and myself mounted upon one horse, and my brother (then fourteen years of age) leading the other, went out from the fort into the darkness, mother turned, and speaking to her neighbors whom she was leaving behind, said: 'Good bye, friends! God help us!' Her voice was so unnatural that I looked up into her face. I shall never forget the expression that I saw there. It was white and rigid, and drawn with suffering that might have been the work of years instead of hours. It was so unlike my mother's face that I hid my own in her garments."

Others went out also, fugitives from their own; but from these Katherine and her pitifully helpless little group were almost immediately separated, each seeking safety in the way that seemed best to himself. Some elected to remain at the fort, and these were present at the surrender the following day. Investigation has proved that the many tales of atrocities committed at the surrender are in a great measure untrue, as but one murder was committed, although the Indians could not be kept from plunder. After the withdrawal of the British forces, a few days later, the savages began an unchecked career of pillage, fire and murder, until those who had remained, hoping

the worst was over, were forced to abandon the settlement, which was not fully reëstablished until December, 1799.

At daybreak Katherine had reached the thick recesses of the forest, but could see from afar the smoke of burning homes, and knew her flight had been none too hasty. All day long they hurried on. The first night they came upon a settler's deserted cabin, which sheltered them. The three succeeding nights and many others they camped under the great forest trees, where, said Lorena, "we tired children, feeling secure with our heads upon mother's lap, slept soundly, while she watched the long night through, listening to the howling of the wolves and hearing in every rustling leaf the stealthily tread of an Indian." How pathetic their trust, how overwhelming the burden thrust so suddenly upon the frail shoulders of the slender young mother. After the second day one horse became so lame that they left it to its fate, and were thus obliged to plod wearily on foot, the remaining horse carrying their goods.

On the fourth day they arrived at a large stream. Here, either finding, or building a raft, they loaded nearly all off their precious stores upon it, intending to float them to a ford, which they knew must be somewhere below, hoping there to cross.

To their dismay, after starting the raft, they were told (perhaps by fugitives like themselves) that there were Indians below. Small wonder then, after hearing this, that even to save all they owned upon earth, they would venture down to the stream. So abandoning their goods, as they had previously their horse, they found a crossing elsewhere.

Their situation was now desperate indeed. They had their one horse, with four to ride; one blanket strapped upon the saddle, for four to use; a precious box of tinder and flint; and one musket, with a small quantity of ammunition which must be hoarded to the utmost, and saved for defence. How many of those hard nights may we suppose that Katherine Gaylord slept under that solitary blanket? Not one, with her three children to be sheltered and comforted.

Their clothing must very soon have become worn and soiled enough; and this, to a person of Katherine Gaylord's

natural refinement, must have been an added bit of distress—small though it was in comparison with greater burdens to be borne.

The bullet-pierced hat and leathern wallet were carried always in her hands, or about her person, and were in this way saved from disaster, and brought safely to her father's house. She kept them as long as she lived in an old chest, from whence children and grandchildren would reverently bring them forth, to illustrate the never-old story of her escape from the Indians, and of the death of their heroic grandfather, Aaron Gaylord. After she was gone these priceless relics were in some way most unfortunately lost.

And now for weeks they toiled slowly on and on, following the trail indicated by blazed trees, with many wanderings aside into the pathless forest with weakness and weariness, suffering and danger, ever on and on toward home.

After the loss of their provisions, they subsisted for several days upon berries, sassafras roots, birch bark, or whatever they could gather by the way; not daring to start a blaze, or fire a musket so near the dreaded foe. Fortunately it was summer. Once they went from Thursday to Sunday afternoon without food. They met then a party of friendly Indians who fed them, but we can hardly imagine their terror at first sight of a red man. They afterward met other friendly Indians as they left Wyoming farther and farther behind, and were never once refused aid in all their terrible journey.

The country however was very sparsely settled, and many of the cabins they came across were deserted. As days grew into weeks, they no longer feared to kindle a fire at night, or to shoot game; although it was necessary to hoard their slender stock of ammunition with utmost economy.

They sometimes met stragglers from the army, or hunting parties; but these were invariably kind and helpful; and such encounters must have sent many bright rays of hope and courage through the gloom, and unutterable loneliness of the vast primeval forest, in the dreary days when they saw no human face but their own.

One morning the little Lorena and her sister Phebe were running on in advance of mother and brother—though never

out of sight—singing and chasing butterflies, gathering wild flowers, forgetting already the past, fearing nothing so long as they had mother, when they came upon two men sitting upon the ground. These proved to be hunters, who divided with Katherine their stock of food, as they heard her sad story; and helped her on her way.

But this incident made a great impression upon Lorena, owing to the fright of Phebe; who, screaming in terror, literally dragged Lorena back to her mother, scratching her face, tearing her garments (for the latter mishap there being no remedy, although Dame Nature would mend the former!) and greatly alarming the others. She remembered how her brother, the lad Lemuel, grown, since Wyoming, to man's estate, his mother's confidante, protector and sole reliance—stepped boldly to the front, musket in hand, ready to defend his mother and sisters with his life, if need be. And the surprise and hearty sympathy of the two men remained always a warm memory with Lorena.

Another day, losing the trail, they came at nightfall, in sight of a large building with many lighted windows, which they took to be a wayside tavern. Within they could see a company of men, seemingly soldiers, seated at a table, eating their supper.

Faint for want of food, and exhausted with travel, still Katherine Gaylord hesitated. With the memory of British and Tory at Wyoming fresh upon her, how could she trust any man!

Desperation at last gave her desperation's courage; and entering a back room, she sank down in the darkness, with her little girls drawn close beside her, while her boy strode sturdily forward into the room where the men were gathered, and asked food for his mother and sisters!

In a moment a light was brought, and they were surrounded by the astonished men, who with curious and pitiful faces gazed at the forlorn little group, and listened to their pathetic story with manhood's unaccustomed tears. Nothing could exceed their kindness as they rivaled each other in giving comfort to the poor wanderers.

The unwonted luxuries of enough to eat, a bed to sleep in, with strong and ready protectors, were theirs that night; while

the sense of security must have given the poor mother such a rest as had not been hers for many long weeks.

"The gentlest woman," said Lorena in after years, "could not have ministered to our needs more thoughtfully and generously than did these rough, stalwart men."

In the morning they were loaded with provisions and sent on their way with many kind and hearty words.

They never forgot these friends, although they never knew who or what they were. Possibly, in the same way, their descendants may have heard this tale, and sometimes, even to this day, may ponder the fate of those hapless refugees whom their ancestor befriended in the wilderness!

□ They had often heard at night the howling of wild beasts, but had never been molested. Now, however, for several days an undefined feeling of unusual danger near at hand had haunted Katherine (who seems to have been one of those prescient souls delicately susceptible to impressions which one of coarser fiber could not feel).

One night as they camped by their fire they caught a glimpse of a long, crouching, stealthy form in the underbrush and knew that some savage creature was on their track. All the night long they could see his gleaming eyes in the fire-light, but he dared not attack them. Neither dared he touch them by daylight, and in the morning they cautiously and fearfully went on their way, not venturing to stop for rest or food. Lemuel led and the others followed upon the staunch back of their sorely-tried friend—the one remaining horse. A driving rain set in, and the blanket formed but poor protection.

All day long they moved slowly on with that fearful nightmare creeping ever softly, softly behind—biding his time!

When night drew near their outlook seemed hopeless. To go on in the darkness and storm would be impossible. The soaking rain precluded all hope of a fire, while to stop without a fire meant instant attack and a reward to the dogged determination of the brute behind her, of which she dared not think.

With the knowledge of all this and with a dreadful doom seemingly so near, the faith and fortitude of the heroic mother did not fail. She drew her frightened children as closely as

possible to her side and, in her helplessness prayed ceaselessly for that help which to human vision could never come.

Faith and works go hand in hand to fulfillment; and while she prayed she kept moving, straining her eyes in the darkness which settled so awfully upon them.

And Katherine Gaylord never doubted that the ever-present power in which she trusted led their feet neither to right nor to left, but directly into a little clearing where the dark outline of a deserted cabin with open door, appeared to their gladdened eyes!

Straight through the friendly portal—not stopping to dismount! Lemuel swung to the heavy door, dropped the bar into its place, and they were saved! Often in after years did Katherine say that she believed they were directly led by Providence.

The cabin consisted of one room with a small lean-to in which the horse found luxuries undreamed of in his recent philosophizing—warmth and shelter! The place had evidently been abandoned in haste; for they found stacks of firewood, with potatoes and corn meal in plenty.

A good fire soon warmed body and soul; and with safety, shelter, warmth, dry clothing and a hot supper of roasted potatoes and corn meal cakes they felt a rush of fresh courage and new life. Their steadfast friend in the lean-to shared with them—(though whether or not, in the exuberance of their reaction, the children roasted for him the potatoes, history saith not).

And then they sat around the glowing fire, while Katherine thanked the power that led them hither.

In the morning the panther had disappeared but fearing its return, they remained in their place of refuge, and rested two days; then went on, doubtless strengthened by their enforced period of waiting.

Somewhere on this weary road, they must have met, but passed unseen, the brother of Katherine, sent out by her anxious father (who had heard of the Wyoming tragedy), to find and help her home. "Our unknown losses!" What a subject for thought. The brother, however, must have kept the trail, which she often lost; and so it came about that she

was first to reach home. As after many weeks they saw once more the hills which compassed that dear home on every side, how tumultuous must have been her thoughts; while the mingled fear and suffering of the weary way by which they had come, must already have seemed as a troubled dream.

The news of their coming went before, and all through the familiar streets as they passed, old friends came out to greet them as those risen from the dead. Many went on with them to her father's house. As he came out to meet her, brave Katherine broke down at last, throwing herself into his arms, burst into tears—the first she had shed since that fatal night at Wyoming. And not the least touching of all, was her determined attempt still to keep up, prefacing her tears by the cheerful greeting: "Well, we are the worst looking lot you ever saw!"

Love, home and care were hers once more—even though that which was gone could never return. Here she found refuge at last; but she could not rest while her country suffered. Although she had seemingly given all—yet her patriotic heart consented to one more sacrifice.

In 1780, when Lemuel was about sixteen, she gave him to serve his country in its need, as he had upheld his mother in her own. Remember, he was her only son, and she was a widow. When we realize all that he was to her, we can more fully appreciate the intensity of her patriotism, as shown by this act of sacrifice.

Lemuel was at the surrender of Cornwallis, and then, sometime after the war, he left his mother at New Cambridge and returned to Wyoming, drawn, perhaps, by more interests than one, for here he married Sylvia Murray, daughter of Noah Murray. They settled, finally, in Illinois and had a family of ten children.

Phebe, Katherine's eldest daughter, married Levi Frisbie, and in 1800 moved to Orwell, Pennsylvania, where they had five children.

Lorena, the "baby," married, in 1799, Lynde Phelps, of Burlington, Connecticut, and was the mother of seven daughters.

So Katherine Gaylord lived, in spite of fate, to see twenty-

two grandchildren. After her brood had flown and no longer needed the care which once was literal life to them she stayed on with her parents and cared for them. She was now about fifty-five years old, having been born in 1745. Her father, James Cole, living to be ninety, was one day left a short time alone in the house. In some way the roof caught fire and the building was burned to the ground. Almost nothing was saved, and again Katherine was homeless. It was with difficulty that Mr. Cole was rescued, and shortly after he died.

Katherine went then to live with Lorena, and for forty years she passed in and out among them, taking the liveliest interest in helping to "raise" the seven daughters of her daughter, who remembered ever her kind, motherly care, and the quiet, patient, Christian character she maintained.

In 1799 she had united with the Congregational Church of Cambridge, and she proved ever the truth of the beautiful thought, so suggestive of her spirit :

" Our life is no poor cisterned store,
That lavish years are draining low,
But living streams that, welling o'er,
Fresh from the living fountains flow."

Her sturdy independence was characteristic to the last. When in her nineties, her daughter Lorena begged her to lie down in the daytime to rest; but she determinedly refused, and gave as her reason that she "did not wish to get in the habit of it!"

In extreme old age later events faded from her mind, but Wyoming and its fateful memories were never dim.

She is said once to have been so overcome by the sight of a picture representing an Indian in act of scalping a man that she fell to the floor—so vividly did the horrible past return to her.

At the very last of her life here she would sit for hours by the fire, lost to her surroundings, apparently living over again the days gone by. She would sometimes start up in terror, calling to her children to hide from the Indians! Again she would seem to be in fear of wild beasts and cry out pitifully. Sometimes she would speak her husband's name and smile—seeming to hold communion with him—perhaps she did—who

knows? And at the last, after ninety-five years, she passed peacefully away; feeling no doubt in regard to the love of her youth that while

" Clouds sail and waters flow,
Our souls must journey on,
But it cannot be ill to go
The way that thou hast gone."

The storm and tumult of her life seemed to follow her even in death. At the time of her going a terrific snow storm occurred in New England, blocking the roads and shutting off all possibility of immediate interment. The village carpenter, who was also the village undertaker, had probably time to provide a suitable casket before the storm, but it was several days before the men could venture out even to break path. Owing to a fierce wind in many places the paths had to be twice cleared.

When at length the last storm which should ever rage over the head of devoted Katherine had raved itself into calm, a handful of men left the "Center" to do for her the last service she would ever need at their hands. They started with horse and sleigh, but after going a few rods the plunging steed tore off a shoe, cutting his foot so badly as to disable him; and so they abandoned his help even as Katherine had abandoned her steed near Wyoming long years ago. The men now drew the sleigh across the drifted fields to the place, two miles away, where, heedless of all tumult now, the body of the heroine lay in peace.

Greatly exhausted by the hard road and digging, the men were obliged to rest and take food before making further effort.

One still living, who was a boy, was present at this strange burial recalls clearly the scene, and how the body of Katherine was placed upon the sleigh while her old friends and neighbors, with their own hands, drew it to its final place; even as in ancient times great heroes were borne upon the shoulders of those who would do them honor! About eight men were present at this final scene, but no woman was among them. A tragic ending to a tragic life!

"Never more, O storm-tossed soul—
 Never more from wind or tide,
 Never more from billow's roll,
 Wilt thou need thyself to hide!"

"Connecticut."
 Authorities.

"Miner's History of Wyoming."

"History and Pedigree of a Branch of the Gaylord Family," by Mary
 Phelps Brooks (daughter of "Lorena.")

Unpublished Mss. in the family of Lorena.

Family traditions from the branches.

Town and Church Records.

Wyoming Monument, &c., &c.

ELIZABETH BRYANT JOHNSTON,
Chairman.

MARGUERITE DICKINS,
 HARRIETT M. LOTHROP.

NOTE.—When the question arose as to the naming of the Bristol, Connecticut, Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, they sought for the name of a woman known for her personal courage and heroic deed. Many names there were of wives and mothers of great men, and of women who had exhibited, in sudden peril, great bravery or self-sacrifice; but upon that honored roll there was not one who had endured that which Katherine Gaylord had endured, or who had in any way shown the sustained courage which brought her through the gates of death. A woman of lesser heroism would have died, and her children with her. And so they chose her as their heroine. In 1895, through the efforts of the Chapter, a monument was erected to her memory in the old burying ground at Burlington, Connecticut, and dedicated 1896 with appropriate ceremonies by the Chapter members. The monument bears this inscription:

KATHERINE COLE GAYLORD,
 Wife of

Lieutenant Aaron Gaylord.
 1745—1840.

In memory of her sufferings
 and heroism at the massacre
 of Wyoming, 1778, this stone is
 erected by her descendants
 and the members of the Kath-
 erine Gaylord Chapter of the
 Daughters of the American
 Revolution,
 July 3, 1895.

Katherine Cole Gaylord was daughter of James Cole and Catherine Wood. She was born November 28, 1745, at Harwinton, Connecticut; married Aaron Gaylord about 1763 and died in 1840. She was descended from the earliest settlers of New England. The name Cole is the same as Cowles.

The writer of this biography wishes to acknowledge with thanks aid from the following sources: From paper by Mrs. Mary Phelps (descendant); paper by Mrs. Helen Maria Potter (descendant); Mrs. Sylvia Kirkpatrick (descendant); Mrs. M. L. Peck (Vice-Regent); Mr. Milo L. Norton, Mr. Warren Bunnell, Miner's History of Wyoming, Town and Church Records.

FLORENCE E. D. MUZZY,

Organizing Regent Katherine Gaylord Chapter.

SKETCH OF EARLY NEW HAMPSHIRE.

[Read before the Molly Stark Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, January 4th, 1897, by (Mrs. David) Anna Q. E. Cross, Chapter Regent.]

"A GOODLY realm!" said Captain Smith,
 Scanning the coast by the Isles of Shoals,
 While the wind blew fair, as in Indian myth
 Blows the breeze from the Land of Souls;
 Blew from the marshes of Hampton spread
 Level and green that Summer day,
 And over the brow of great Boar's Head,
 From the pines that stretched to the west away;
 And sunset died on the rippling sea,
 Ere to the south, with the wind, sailed he.
 But he told the story in London streets,
 And again to Count and Prince and King;
 "A truce," men cried, "to Virginia's hearts;
 The North is the land of hope and spring!"
 And in sixteen hundred and twenty-three,
 For Dover meadows and Portsmouth river,
 Bold and earnest they crossed the sea,
 And the realm was theirs and ours forever!"

Thus poetically has Edna Dean Proctor, our New Hampshire poetess, told of our first New Hampshire settlement. Ten years before this, however, in 1603-04 adventurers had coasted along what are now the shores of Maine and New Hampshire, had carried a description of the country back to England, and had aroused the interest of a young man Sir Fer-

dinando Gorges, who was then governor of Plymouth in England. He had been all his life in the wars of Elizabeth, and the quiet round of official duty was tiresome to him. His ambition burned to be the head of a great feudal estate in the new world, so, with some others of note and character, he procured from the King a royal charter in 1606, and fitted out a vessel and a company who arrived at the mouth of the Kennebec in 1607. A dreadful winter followed and the party returned discouraged to England. But Gorges refused to give up his plans and sent his vessel again and again to make settlements or discoveries in the new land.

Meantime, Captain John Smith, of Pocohontas fame, had explored all the coast within the limits of the charter of 1606, had landed on what is now the Isles of Shoals, which he named for himself, Smith's Isles, and had drawn a map and given a description of the country. An old history says "he did another thing, which had no small effect in encouraging his countrymen to come hither, he called it New England."

There was in the Council of Plymouth at this time another young man, whose fame belongs to New Hampshire, Captain John Mason. He had been governor of Newfoundland, and from that cold island had looked with covetous desire towards the more southern lands of New England and was not long in procuring from the King a grant of all the land from the river of Naumkeag, now Salem, to the Merrimack. This district was called Mariana.

In Mason, Gorges found a kindred spirit and they resolved to unite their fortunes, and in 1622 a grant was made to them jointly of all the land between the rivers Merrimack and Sagadahock, extending back to the great lakes and the river of Canada.

In endeavoring to fix the boundaries of what New Hampshire was and is, we must remember that the grants made by the Plymouth Council were so inaccurately described, and the lands overlap each other that innumerable controversies have arisen, some of which have but just ended. Thus the Colonial Charter of Massachusetts Bay, granted in 1628 and 1629, gave to the governor and others "all the territory lying between two easterly and westerly lines running three miles north

of the Merrimack river and south of the Charles river, and extending from the Atlantic ocean to the Pacific." It was then supposed that America was a narrow strip of land. It was known that the Isthmus of Darien was narrow, and the whole continent was thought to be of the same width. It was taken for granted that the course of the Merrimack was easterly and westerly, as it is so near its mouth, and the error was perpetuated by the words of the charter. Through this misapprehension there have arisen almost endless disputes between Massachusetts and New Hampshire in regard to the southern boundary line. At one time a commission was appointed to fix this line, and they proceeded up the Merrimack to Lake Winnepisaukee. There they marked, in the summer of 1652, a granite boulder with the name of Governor Endicott. This was discovered about fifty years ago and means taken for its preservation. It is known as the "Endicott Rock."

Massachusetts at one time claimed its northern boundary as running in a straight line from that point to the sea, which would have taken in nearly all of Mason & Gorges' grants. Much confusion arose and Massachusetts and New Hampshire each chartered towns in the same territory, causing the greatest difficulties as to jurisdiction, taxes, etc. Finally when the commissioners could not settle the question the matter was referred to the King. "Massachusetts took its stand on the words of the charter and New Hampshire on its spirit." The King decided for New Hampshire and gave to her a strip fifty miles long and fourteen wide, more even than she had claimed. What is now Nashua, Concord, and all the towns west and south of them were then supposed to belong to Massachusetts, but were restored to New Hampshire. The exact line has continued in dispute till 1889, when, I believe it was finally settled. The eastern boundary of the State was established when Gorges and Mason divided their claim in 1669. The wild region east of the Piscataqua was relinquished to Gorges, and took the name of Maine, while the tract west of that river extending sixty miles north from its head waters was confirmed to Mason.

In the earliest times the Hudson river was considered the western boundary, then a line twenty miles this side following

the bounds of Connecticut and Massachusetts. While the country was unsettled it seemed a matter of little consequence, but when in 1761 Governor Wentworth began to fill his coffers by granting townships to the number of one hundred and thirty-eight in two years, New York became alarmed and appealed to the King under the right of the grant of King Charles, which had extended New York to the Connecticut River, and King George declared the western bank of that river as far north as the forty-fifth degree of latitude to be the boundary between New Hampshire and New York. This still continues our western boundary, but Vermont has been taken from the old State of New York. Canada forms our northern boundary. So much for New Hampshire considered geographically.

To go into a study of the endless discussions in regard to the Mason claims would be neither interesting nor instructive, so we will proceed to the early settlers of the State.

After Mason and Gorges had bought this vast region of the wilderness they at once set to work to colonize it. They sent over some "fishmongers from London" with others to establish fisheries and salt works. The first white man to settle in New Hampshire was named Thompson. He came in a ship called Jonathan and landed near the mouth of the Piscataqua "in the spring" of 1623. The ground being covered with the blossoms of the strawberry, they gave the settlement the name of "Strawberry Bank." This is the spot where Portsmouth now stands. Thompson built the first framed house in the State on Odiorne's point. This was called the "Manor House" and afterward "Mason Hall."

The Hiltons went eight miles up the river to a place which has been called successively Hilton's Point, Cocheco, Northam, and is now Dover.

For several years these plantations made little progress, but a new movement was made in 1631.

The first settlers of New Hampshire were merchant adventurers. Romance and avarice were blended in their characters, but their energy and perseverance, their fortitude and courage made them the terror of the Indians, and fitted them for the struggles of freedom against oppression.

Though the colonies of Massachusetts had been founded for

the "purpose of religious freedom," it was for "freedom to worship God" as the rules of the colony appointed. Indeed they carried their religious bigotry so far that it was said by one of their own men "that the government at Boston was as zealous as the scribes and Pharisees, and as Paul before his conversion."

In 1638 a religious persecution arose in Massachusetts which terminated in banishing from that colony the pious and learned Wheelwright and his noted sister Ann Hutchinson with many others who bore the name of Antinomians. They came to New Hampshire and settled at Squamscot Falls, calling the place Exeter.

Thus a religious element was mingled with the romantic strain. They formed themselves into a church. They also combined to form a special government, and chose rulers and assistants. This is the first government in New Hampshire. The settlement at Exeter was the foundation of the State. This government has continued with trifling alterations for more than two hundred and fifty years.

About the same time the salt marches of Winnicomet attracted another company partly from Norfolk, England, and partly from Massachusetts, and they formed a settlement which they called Hampton. After the example of Exeter they also formed themselves into a body politic.

Up to 1640 Dover and Portsmouth had no power of government delegated from the Crown and feeling the need of a more determinate form of policy than they had yet enjoyed, they formed combinations similar to those at Exeter and Hampton. The date of the Dover combination is October 22, 1640, but that of Portsmouth is unknown, as they destroyed their first book of records after copying out what they thought proper to preserve. Thus four distinct governments were established which became the State of New Hampshire.

They stood as four cities of refuge thrown open to those whom persecution might drive from beyond the Atlantic or from neighboring colonies.

When the colonists first came from England very many left their wives behind, and it appears from the Mason correspondence that they contributed quarterly to their support at home.

Later we find the following in a letter from Thomas Eyre to Mr. Gibbins: "Your wife, Roger Knight's wife, and one wife more we have already sent you, and more you shall have as you write for them." Still later we find that homes are being formed, and that the women and children came with the proprietors.

There were two other classes of settlers who came to New Hampshire nearly one hundred years later. The first were the refugees from the persecution in Ireland. Sixteen families who settled in Londonderry early in 1719. Large accessions of their countrymen were soon added to them, and in a few years the church numbered two hundred and thirty members, strong in the Presbyterian faith. Industry was a prominent trait of these settlers of Londonderry, and next to their piety their national pride and high sense of honor were their most striking characteristics. Still another class were the colonists who came from Connecticut and Massachusetts and settled in the valleys of the Connecticut and Merrimack Rivers. So many sources have supplied the life blood of our State. It is not strange that the earliest owners of the country were disappointed in their expectations. The fabulous tales of the riches of Mexico and Peru were half believed in England, and when Mason and his men came to New Hampshire, the mountains, which they called the "Chrystal Hills," were expected to yield gold as the Southern mountains had done to the Spaniards. It appears from the letters of the Portsmouth planters that "their views were chiefly turned towards the discovery of lakes and mines." They spent time and money in digging for precious metals which they never found, and confined their husbandry to the planting of vines which never bore fruit. Many became discouraged and left the country, and the visions of Mason were never realized.

We have seen how the first four large towns had formed distinct governments. These combinations were merely voluntary and as the Mother Country was in so distracted a state as to give no attention to their welfare, the more considerate men saw the advantage of a union with Massachusetts. This was consummated in 1641, and continued till 1678. During all this time the histories of the two colonies are blended together

and the laws of Massachusetts were the laws of New Hampshire. Only in one respect were the people of New Hampshire more free than those of Massachusetts. In Massachusetts only church members could hold office or vote in town affairs or in General Court, but no such test, or temptation to hypocrisy, was demanded in New Hampshire. This was a stretch of toleration which some declared "to amount to absolute atheism."

These early laws were founded on the principles of the laws of Moses and were enacted against all kinds of immorality. This kept the new colonies free from those emigrants who fled from one country to another to escape punishment of crime. These laws being framed by the ministers many things were taken into consideration not generally supposed to come within the sphere of magistracy. For instance the drinking of healths and the use of tobacco was forbidden. Laws were enacted to regulate the intercourse of the sexes, and the advances toward matrimony. They required a ceremony of betrothing which preceded marriage. Women were forbidden to wear short-sleeved or low-necked gowns, and men were obliged to cut their hair short that they might not resemble women. No person worth less than two hundred pounds was allowed to wear gold or silver lace, or silk hoods or scarfs. Thus economy and godliness were made to go hand in hand, and have been always characteristic of New Hampshire

The church was the center of the state, the ministers the only real rulers. These laws were all independent of the Mother Country, and the English government considered them as we consider by-laws of a national constitution of our Daughters of the American Revolution.

It is a cause for congratulation that the persecution of the witches and the intolerance toward the Quakers were due, not to New Hampshire laws but to those of Massachusetts, and to the influence of Massachusetts governors, or officers, but even with that excuse it is the darkest picture on our state panorama. The fact that the belief in witchcraft and the persecution of the supposed witches was then universal in the old world as well as the new, does not take from the sadness, though it does seem to lessen the fault of our fathers.

After New Hampshire had been united to Massachusetts for more than thirty years, the heirs of Mason petitioned the King for the restoration of their property, and the English judges decided that "Massachusetts has no right of jurisdiction over New Hampshire." They also decided that Mason had no right of government within the territory which he claimed, and the King proceeded to erect New Hampshire into a distinct province. The government was to consist of a president and council to be appointed by the Crown, and an assembly of representatives to be chosen by the people. This government continued from 1680 till the accession of James Second in 1685, who appointed first Dudley and then Sir Edmund Andros Captain General and Governor-in-chief of all the New England Colonies. Andros made himself so obnoxious by his tyranny and exactions that on the accession of William and Mary, the people arose in a body and threw him into prison. Then, in 1690, New Hampshire again united with Massachusetts. It was the policy of English statesmen to weaken the power of Massachusetts, so in 1692, New Hampshire became again a separate Colony and continued so for seven years, till in 1699 they were again united under one Governor, and so continued till 1741, when George II made New Hampshire entirely independent of Massachusetts and appointed separate governors, Shirley for Massachusetts and Benning Wentworth for New Hampshire. Wentworth remained as governor of New Hampshire till 1767, when he was superseded by his nephew, John Wentworth, the last governor appointed by the King. In 1775 the British government in New Hampshire was dissolved and the people formed a Provincial Convention of which Mathew Thornton was President. In 1776 a temporary constitution was framed to continue during the war with Great Britain. Under this constitution Meshech Weare was annually elected president.

This brings the political history of New Hampshire to revolutionary times. No sketch of New Hampshire in early times would be complete without reference to the Indians and the numerous wars with them and the French. At the time of the settlement of New Hampshire wars with neighboring tribes and pestilence had reduced the number of the natives to about

five thousand. The tribes were numerous but all acknowledged allegiance to Passaconnaway, the great sagamore of the Pannacooks, whose home was where Concord now stands. Passaconnaway was renowned for his sagacity, duplicity and moderation. He was jealous of the whites but feared them, and at his death entreated his tribes never to make war upon the white men. His son, Wonolanset, remembering his commands always remained friendly or neutral in the Indian wars.

It is the glory of New Hampshire that

“ From where the ocean meets the sands of Rye
To where the Chrystal Hills uplift the chrystal sky ”

there is abundant evidence still surviving to show that every rod of land occupied by the white men, for a century after they sat down at Piscataquack, was fairly purchased from the Indian proprietors and honestly paid for. So says Governor Bell in his semi-centennial address before the historical society. When Wheelwright came to New Hampshire he purchased all the land from the Merrimack to the Piscataqua. Mason also had acquired his lands from the Indians. This is a much better title than could be given by any king who claimed the land because his ships had sailed along its shores.

In the early days Elliott preached to the Indians at the Falls of Amoskeag, and the government took great pains to prevent fraud and injustice towards them. But the avarice of a few of the settlers and the careless thoughtfulness of some American sailors excited to violence the Indians of Maine called the Tarateens. These sailors had heard that Indian children could swim as naturally as brutes, and happening to meet the wife of Squando, sachem of the Pequawketts, crossing the Saco River with her child in her arms, they upset the canoe. The child sank, the mother dived and recovered it, but the child died. Squando, the father, became the inveterate foe of all the white settlers. At that time what is known as King Philip's war was raging in New England, and the Indians came down upon New Hampshire with such fury that all business was suspended and the only method of protection was to flee into the garrisoned-houses, which were built in every town and village. One of these houses is, I believe still standing in Durham. I will read the description as we always hear them

mentioned in connection with Indian warfare. "It is constructed of solid white pine logs a foot thick, some of them two feet in depth as high up as a few feet above the second floor, thus forming a parapet to serve as a breastwork, the roof being of moderate pitch. It has in front the projection common to such houses to beat off assailants and prevent them from setting fire from below. Its small windows and various port-holes and look-outs were provided with heavy blocks of wood to protect the inmates from the enemies' bullets. The Indians' own castles were girded about by thick-set palisades and this outer defense was likewise adopted by the settlers for the garrison-houses,"

This war continued with dreadful barbarity for three years, and it is computed that about one man in every eleven of the whites was killed. A treaty was made with Squando, but it remained in effect only a short time and from 1675 to the close of the French and Indian war in 1760, New Hampshire was almost continually in arms.

The French had made friends with the Indians and through the Jesuit priests had gained great influence over them. The French Baron de Castine had married a daughter of one of their chiefs so that the alliance was very close between the French and Indians, and when France and England were at war with each other, the English Colonies had to suffer from Indian atrocities too fearful to mention. These wars are known by the names of King William's war, which lasted from 1689 till 1697; Queen Anne's war, which lasted a much longer time, and these in turn were followed by King George's and the French and Indian wars, treaties being often made, but no sooner made than broken.

During all these years New Hampshire, being on the Canadian frontier, was the battle ground, and though no battles of the Revolution were fought in this State, there was never a time for nearly a hundred years when she was free from the attacks of the Indians or when her people could lay down their arms. Companies of militia were continually being formed, and many of them like the Roger's Rangers, of whom General Stark was an officer, have earned undying fame. The Aben- naque or St. Francis tribe of Indians were the greatest and

most powerful enemies of the English, and they were scattered along the whole northern part of New Hampshire. They had a large village at the confluence of the St. Lawrence and St. Francis rivers, which was filled with their plunder. The story of its destruction by the Roger's Rangers and their terrible experience thereafter reads like a dreadful fairy tale.

In every battle with the French, at Crown Point, Louisburg, and on the Plains of Abraham, New Hampshire men received the training which made them, when the Revolution came, ready to do good service to keep and make free the State they had so hardly earned and so dearly loved.

JAMESTOWN, VIRGINIA.

ON December 19, 1606 three small vessels with one hundred souls on board set sail from England, under the auspices of the London Company, which was an organization of "Noblemen, gentlemen and Merchants" for the colonizing of Virginia. After four long months, a part of which time was passed in the West Indies, they came in view of the wide expanse of peaceful water familiar to us now as the Chesapeake, or "Mother of Waters." They had been greatly tossed by storms, so-called this first place of landing, Point Comfort. We have every reason to believe this water presented the same quiet haven on that day, April 26, 1607, that it now does 188 years after. The river Powhatan, soon changed to James in honor of James I of England, becomes historic before all else in this new world.

Could it's waters reflect the scenes enacted upon them, could they speak of the blood drops mingled with them, they would cry out for very anguish.

We are told that it was not until May 13 that the vessels reached the point of settlement, thirty-two miles up the river, afterwards called Jamestown. This now is a sort of island lying along the north bank of the river. To be on any land must have filled these men with thankfulness, but all who know the banks and lowlands of the James, first seen in the month of May, can better understand their gratitude to God,

and that among their first acts was the stretching of an old sail between trees, for a place of worship. Here in this tabernacle Virginia's Church began with Virginia's history. A log church soon replaced this and in 1610, Lord Delaware found here a building sixty feet long by twenty-four wide in which they met daily for prayer and two sermons on Sunday.

The summer months brought chills and fever and with sickness came dissatisfaction. Many wanted to return to England, but this was prevented by most active measures on the part of Smith. Good was it for this colony that Smith made one of their number. Not yet twenty-eight years old, he had seen every form of hardship and adventure. For courage, bravery, and intrepid integrity he had no equal in that period, but owing to some petty jealousies during the voyage; he was held as prisoner, and at first debarred from serving in the Council appointed by the King. But he demanded a trial and "was acquitted by the first American jury" (Cook.)

Gosnold had died and the other rulers proved men of no force or ability and the entire rule soon devolved upon Smith. He tried to interest the people by exploring the country around, for this was a part of the condition of the charter. He determined to meet the sovereign of this region, King Powhatan, who ruled over thousands of Indians. Accordingly, we are told, he visited him at his wigwam not far below the falls of the James, about where Richmond now stands. Powhatan's chief hunting ground lay along the north east bank of the Chickahominy river and was called "Orapax" and is so named to this day.

(It may be interesting to say, that on this same tract of land is the writer's home called "Orapax.")

Weeks and months of exploring and privation was gone through with, and Smith's well known adventures are the most interesting part of Virginia history. By his ingenuity the colony was provided with corn for which he gave trinkets and axes to the friendly Indians.

These, however, were not all friendly, and took deep revenge for any slight injury. Through Pocahontas the colony was apprised of danger, and often she carried corn to the starving colony. Her fate was the one strange romance connected with

the time, and proves to us that God uses even so weak a vessel as an Indian girl of twelve years, and her devoted love, to work the establishment and the preservation of a colony and the opening of a new world, a great nation, which time only can bound.

In the spring of 1608 Jamestown was in a most distressing condition. Only thirty or forty had survived the sickness and starvation, when at last Newport arrived with food and new settlers the colony was saved. Hence the name of Newport's News, which is fast losing its significance in the present day by dropping the possessive 's'.

Smith passed two years in Virginia doing all in his power to help his people, but meeting with an accident was obliged to find medical aid in England. Left alone the colony suffered greatly with no wise head to guide and sickness and dissension ever in their midst. The arrival of Gates with stores only deferred, for a time, the breaking up of the settlement. Finally they embarked for England, but were met on the James by Lord Delaware, who had been appointed Governor. Through his influence and the feeling of respect due a nobleman and a Governor sent from the King, these poor sufferers were induced to return and inhabit again their deserted huts. Now began again the settlement at Jamestown, and in this crisis it was only such a man as Delaware who could have quieted their minds and restored peace and health to the colony.

It may be well for Virginia aristocracy that these first settlers were gentlemen, but it came near ruining the colony, for being unused to work of any kind, and knowing nothing of hardship or privation, they were totally unfit for their surroundings, in which poor and foreign food alone would have caused dissatisfaction and ill health even to sturdier men.

About 1610 one hundred acres of land was given to each man, and this land was called a "plantation." Tobacco now was cultivated, and history says twenty thousand pounds were sent to England in the year 1619. On June 22, 1619, the first Colonial Assembly met at Jamestown, representing these "plantations." Prosperity now seemed to belong to this little band of settlers, but the advantage gained by separate farms was more than lost when in 1622 these scattered homes were

attacked by revengeful Indians. Powhatan was dead and his subjects became jealous of encroachments made by the white men upon their hunting grounds.

In 1647, a regular trade having been established, thirty-one vessels are said to have lain in the James at one time. With prosperity came the need for educational advantages, and William and Mary was founded and endowed. In 1660 the colony numbered thirty thousand. Eight years after, fifty thousand. Bacon's rebellion divided the people and caused much suffering, and in 1676 Jamestown was burned, but the act of Assembly for the building of a capital in the city of Williamsburg was not passed until 1699. The following year, (1700) the seat of government was removed to Williamsburg, and met in William and Mary College, or, as some say, in the old church, until four years later the capital was completed.

Love and romance give interest to the bare details of history, and who does not recognize the coloring given to Jamestown and its suffering by the winsome grace, the faithful love and service of Pocahontas—

"Bright stream between two hills."

MARIA PENDLETON DUVAL.

TOPANEMUS BURYING GROUND, MARLBORO, N. J.

"TOPANEMUS was the name applied in the early history of Monmouth county to a locality originally situated in Freehold township, but now in Marlboro. The name is perpetuated by its application to an old graveyard situated on the farm of John Vanderveer. It was here through the efforts of George Keith that a Quaker meeting house was built in or about the year 1692, which subsequently, when he repudiated Quakerism and joined the established church of England, became an Episcopal house of worship. As such it was used for some time but later was substituted by an edifice built at Freehold called St. Peter's. Topenamus was in no sense a settlement but merely a church site.

The Rev. Thomas Thompson writing in 1745-1750 says the situation of Topenamus which is distant from any town is however, convenient enough to the congregation and was re-

sorted to by many families in Middlesex county. At a date subsequent to 1751 but prior 1760 the church at Topenamus was torn down and still bearing the name of St. Peter's was rebuilt in the village of Freehold. Into the new structure was worked a portion of the material taken from Topenamus and it is in this now old church that the Episcopal service is still conducted. The site of the graveyard at Topenamus is distant some little way from the road yet can easily be seen. Trees and underbrush are plentiful and the stones are moss-covered and broken and some unhappily lost beyond repair. Of the origin of the name there is no certainty but from the peculiar sound and resemblance to other Indian names it may fairly be inferred to have a similar origin.

MARGARET H. MATHER.

[ED. NOTE.—The descendants of the people buried in Topenamus are indebted to the efforts of the accomplished Dr. J. E. Stillwell, physician and antiquarian, for the knowledge of the location and published copy of inscriptions to be found in this graveyard. He cut his way through twining thickets of cat brier and mercury vine and copied the inscriptions and published them.

Mrs. Margaret H. Mather, a member of the Broad Seal Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of New Jersey, has removed the reproach of undergrowth from this beautiful spot, having had the place cleared of all briars and weeds and the broken stones replaced. There is still work to be done, and to accomplish it an association has been formed known as the "Topenamus Association." A handsome iron fence will enclose the ground, and instead of cat brier and mercury vine beautiful shrubs and flowers will adorn the last resting place of those brave and odly people.]

WHAT WE ARE DOING AND CHAPTER WORK.

BANQUETING ROOM OF INDEPENDENCE HALL.

AFTER months of preparation and months of hard work the long cherished hopes and plans of the members of the Philadelphia Chapter, of the Daughters of the American Revolution, were brought to a full fruition, and with feelings of pride and satisfaction we presented to the city of Philadelphia the banqueting room of the venerable Independence Hall restored with historical accuracy to the condition it was in a century and a quarter ago.

The ceremonies were held on the afternoon of February 19, 1897, and were as beautiful and unostentatious as the colonial architecture of the room. Beyond the national colors and the banner of our Chapter there were no decorations, as it was felt that the room should be kept in its original simplicity. The Chapter had as their guests the Colonial Dames, the Society of the Cincinnati, Colonial Wars, and Sons of the Revolution, mayor, judges, and city officials.

The inspiring strains of the "Star Spangled Banner" opened the exercises. While the music was still echoing through the rooms, our Regent, Mrs. Charles Curtis Harrison, who stood with the mayor on a raised platform in the center of the room, began the address in which she handed the keys of the restored room to Mayor Warwick. Mrs. Harrison's concluding words were, "Can you doubt that it is with a just pride in our work, which we believe to be a perfect restoration, that we have the honor to-day to return to the city of Philadelphia, through your honor the mayor, and you gentlemen of Councils, the banqueting room of Independence Hall restored by the Philadelphia Chapter, of the Daughters of the American Revolution."

After the orchestra had played "Hail Columbia," Mayor Warwick made the address of acceptance. He began by say-

ing, "This is a happy day for the mayor, a good day for the city and a great day for the Daughters of the American Revolution. It is in fact a red-letter day in the history of our Nation.

After a very brilliant speech he closed by saying, "I am happy as the mayor to accept this key as a symbol that the hall has been given over to the care of the city. The heart of the Nation pulsates here, sending out through its arteries all over the Republic the life blood that will save it. God bless it and preserve it. I take it back restored to the condition that it was at the time of the Declaration of Independence. I am sure that the Daughters of the American Revolution can never be repaid for the work which they have done here in preserving the glories of Colonial Architecture in all its purity. I ask you to join with the city in keeping the hall secure and preserving it safely. It is the Ark of the Covenant of American Liberty."

He then returned the key to Mrs. Harrison, the orchestra played "Home Again."

Mr. Charlemagne Tower made the address of the day, reviewing the history of the building since its erection in 1776 and concluded with these words:—"It is to the patient labor of the Philadelphia Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution that we now owe the restoration. With the zeal and spirit of true Americanism which deserves the highest commendation these ladies, acting with their distinguished Regent have brought to bear on this work, an understanding and intelligence of the subject which have won the cordial support of his honor the mayor and the city authorities. They have brought this beautiful room back to its original form and appearance. They have subscribed from their own resources the money with which to carry on this work the sum of more than \$5,000, and it must be said to their honor in this connection that many of them are not rich. They now hand over to the city their completed task. It is a spectacle worthy to be upheld among the best examples of American civilization. They should be held in honor by every citizen of the United States."

The exercises were closed by the orchestra playing "America."

The rooms were then inspected by the guests who were all enthusiastic in their praise of the work done by the Chapter. The money used in the restoration was entirely raised by free will offerings of the members and we feel that we have in restoring this monument of American Independence to the Nation, proven ourselves true daughters of the American Revolution.

—FANNIE PRICE RHODES, *Historian*.

QUEQUECHAN CHAPTER.—A special meeting of the Chapter was held Tuesday evening, April 20, in the Mount Hope Hall to which many guests were invited, about 125 were present.

The hall was trimmed in a pleasing and effective manner. The ribbon of the Daughters, made of cheese cloth, was draped around the hall, being caught up in thirteen places, where were stars in white with names in red of the thirteen original States and the dates of their admission into the Union.

Over the mantle were draped two United States flags and hanging between them, the Insignia in blue on a white ground. Above it hung flax tied with blue. On the double mantle were arranged some old china quaint and of fine workmanship. Hanging below was the knapsack of a revolutionary ancestor of one of the members, made of calf-skin with the hair on.

On one side of the fire place stood a table holding a Britanic tea set, and on the other a table on which was a large pewter platter and a very old and curious pitcher filled with flowers. Pewter plates and porringers were used in passing refreshments.

Some calico of curious design. The first made in this country, in 1776 was furnished by Miss Louise Lloyd, and the Vice-Regent added a book 200 years old.

The electric lights were shaded with crimped paper in alternate colors of red, white, and blue. The exercises consisted of music on the piano by a guest, Miss Mary A. Lincoln, and singing by Miss Rose Tromer. A few words of welcome by the Regent, Mrs. Mary J. Conant Neill. Here followed a paper

by the Historian, giving short sketches of the revolutionary ancestors of some of the members, containing many interesting incidents, and a paper by Miss Susan Wixon on "The Women of Revolutionary Times," which was repeated by request, having been read at a regular meeting during the winter. In it was a poem founded on an incident related by a member of her great-grandmother, and called "How Dorcas took the Spy." The exercises closed with coronation played by Mr. Charles H. Robbins as the accompaniment to a patriotic hymn composed by Mrs. John Bell Bowton of the Hannah Winthrop Chapter, Cambridge, Massachusetts, and furnished through her courtesy.

A social hour followed. The meeting was a pleasant ending of an enjoyable and interesting season, and the literary committee who had it in charge feel repaid for the time and thought spent by them.

These meetings to which friends of Chapters are invited help to keep up the interest of those already members and give a better idea to those uninformed of what the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution means.

Its objects are manifold. Its members have opportunities for good work—and pleasant reunions are not its least attraction. —MRS. CORNELIA W. LINCOLN DAVOL, *Historian*.

"HOW DORCAS TOOK THE SPY."—AN INCIDENT OF THE AMERICAN

REVOLUTION.

'Twas in the winsome month of May,
And spring-time odors were afloat,
When over Narragansett bay
Was heard a warning martial note.
At Newport lay the British fleet,
King George's soldier-band—
'Twas boldly said that they would beat
The Yankee's from the land ;

That meadow fair and fertile field,
From Fogland dells unto the "hights,"
Their gracious wealth to them should yield,
With all the people's dues and rights ;
That up and down the land they'd stray,
All at their own sweet will ;
And on the "hights," from day to day,
Their regiments would drill.

"Nay, nay, that ne're shall be," replied
 Each brave and noble-hearted son ;
 "With all a patriot's love and pride,
 We'll guard the shores of Tiverton."
 With watchful eye, both day and night,
 By blue Seconnet's strand,
 The patriots stood for truth and right,
 For home and native land.

And, while at bay they held the foe,
 With loyal heart and courage rare,
 The women, too, failed not to do
 Of valiant deeds, an equal share.
 And in that quaint and ancient town,
 There dwelt a dark-haired dame ;
 She wore a linsey-woolsey gown,
 And Dorcas was her name.

One day there came unto the door,
 A stranger fair, as I've been told ;
 Quoth he: "Good mistress, I am poor,
 And very hungry, too, and cold.
 Couldst thou give me a piece of bread,
 To help me on my way ?
 I've traveled far, by business led,
 E'en since the break of day."

Without a word, good Dorcas turned,
 Upward, and out, the table-leaf,
 For to the needy she e'er yearned,
 Nor to the poor was she e'er deaf,
 She drew a chair,—*"Come sit thee down."*
 She said, with native grace ;
 While honest welcome, like a crown,
 Shone in her handsome face.

She placed before him "pork and beans,"
 A salted herring, dry and red ;
 A dish of "dandelion greens,"
 Also, some "rye-and-Indian bread."
 And as she looked the stranger o'er,
 She very gently said,—
*"The men, kind sir, are at the shore,
 But thou, sir, shall be fed."*

Cold water from the spring below,
 In pewter pitcher, then she brought ;
"Thy name," she said, *"I'd like to know,"*

He sharply answered—"Touch Me Not!"
"Too much, thou'dst like to know I fear,
My ways are not as thine;
Attend thou to thy business here,
And I'll attend to mine."

Then Dorcas, angered at his word—
Her face was like a rosy flame—
"I never dreamed," said she, "or heard
Of such a strange and curious name."
Then straightway to the barn she went,
And snatched the leathern reins;
Her patriot blood high courage lent,
As it rushed through her veins.

She seized, at once, the stranger guest,
She bound his hands, likewise his feet;
Said she: "Good sir, thou here mayst rest,
And soon my husband thou shalt meet,
Thou'rt not a friend, I plainly see,
Though venturing to this spot;
And as a spy I'll capture thee,
O haughty Touch-Me-Not."

The maidens helped her lash the man,
With cord from off the spinning-wheel;
They left the dishes in the pan—
The distaff stopped, also, the reel.
The frightened stranger raved and swore,
And vainly tried to run;
Fair Dorcas said: "I'll hear no more,"
And then reached for the gun.

"O Lord!" he gasped, "what have you there?"
And wherefore am I treated thus?
What can you do, my lady fair,
With that old, rusty blunderbuss?"
"I shoot wild geese, Sir Touch-Me-Not,
With this old trusty gun;
I brought down two at one good shot,"
Said Dorcas—"just for fun!"

Just then, there came up from the shore,
The patriots, with eager hands,
And Dorcas gave the prisoner o'er,
All tightly bound by leathern bands.
A noted spy he proved to be,
On secret mission bent,

All round the town, from lake to sea,
By British General sent.

His after fate was ne'er made known —
'Twas simply said—"He disappeared;"
Where'er it was that he had gone,
His presence nevermore was feared.
And soon the British fled away,
To England o'er the sea;
Fair Liberty illumined the day,
And made the country free.

The actors in these troublous days,
Long since have changed to silent dust;
But memory sweet, with silver rays,
Keep bright their names with love and trust.
And 'mong the famous deeds of old,
The deeds that never die,
There stands this one, that's often told—
How Dorcas took the Spy.

SUSAN H. WIXON.

Fall River, Mass., April 20, 1897.

FORT GREENE CHAPTER, of Brooklyn, New York, was organized on December 28, 1896. The membership limit of two hundred, set at that meeting, had to be promptly rescinded when it was found that over two hundred application papers had been issued. The Chapter is not composed wholly of new members; many have been members of the National Society, and of other Chapters for several years. The officers are Mrs. Henry Earle, Regent; Mrs. Samuel Bonnie Duryea, Vice-Regent; Mrs. James Harvey Williams, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Ernest W. Birdsall, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. George H. Rogers, Registrar; Miss Elizabeth Eames, Historian; Mrs. Henry Beam, Treasurer. On the Committee of Safety are Mrs. S. V. White, Mrs. D. T. Mangam, Mrs. W. H. Van Linderen, Mrs. A. Van Wyck, Mrs. D. L. Mills, Mrs. P. H. de Murguiondo. To the earnest and enthusiastic efforts of Mrs. S. V. White the Chapter owes much of its success. She is chairman of the Committee for the Erection of a Monument to the Martyrs of the Prison-ships of the Revolution. For this Chapter has taken as its special work one of the noblest objects possible in America. In the prison-ship, anchored on

Wallabout Bay, on the shores of Brooklyn, over eighteen thousand brave American soldiers died during the Revolution. Their bones are buried in Fort Greene in the heart of the city. No monument marks their resting place. But the patriotic women of America, Daughters of the American Revolution, have a sacred duty to perform in erecting it.

In the three months of the Chapter's life, much has been accomplished. A charter has been presented to us by our State Regent, Miss Forsyth, thus giving us legal existence. A series of lectures on parliamentary law have been delivered to the Chapter by Mrs. E. H. Walworth, thus giving us orders. And a christening party, with interesting papers on General Nathaniel Greene, and the story of Fort Greene, gave us our name. The last meeting was held at the residence of Mr. Charles Albert Hoyd, a member of the Order of the Cincinnati, who has presented to the Chapter, a beautiful silver-mounted gavel, made from the oak wood from Frances Tavern. Another gavel, equally beautiful, and a handsome record-book, were presented to the Chapter by Mrs. S. P. Ferree, at the first meeting.

For framing our charter, oak wood has been presented by Mrs. Beam from the house at Concord where Paul Revere awakened the patriots, Hancock and Adams; magnolia wood was given by Mrs. Underwood from the last tree planted by Washington; Mrs. Earle gave a piece of the frigate Constitution, and Miss Forsyth gave a piece of the beam of the old State House at Kingston. The Chapter frankly asks for other bits of wood from historic localities.

We are honored in the membership of one "real" Daughter, Mrs. Harriet Elizabeth Palmer, whose beautiful life of ninety years is ending in a beautiful and cherished old age. Three other "real" Daughters are prospective members. The members of the Chapter have given over six hundred dollars to the Continental Hall, and we hope to increase largely that sum. We have in turn had a generous gift for the "Monument Fund" of one hundred dollars from the Empire State Society, Sons of the American Revolution. An approaching meeting is arranged with an original poem by our member, Mrs. L. A. P. New, on an episode in the life of her great-grandmother in the Revolution; a paper by Mrs. G. H.

Thompson on the services of her great-grandmother in New York during the Revolution, upon which services were based Mrs. Thompson's admission papers; a paper upon the domestic influences and habits which induced patriotism in the women of the Revolution.

A patriotic church service under the charge of the Chapter will be held on the afternoon of May 16 at the Church of the Holy Trinity. At this the rector, Rev. S. D. McConnell, and other "Sons" will officiate. The members of patriotic societies in the vicinity are invited to attend. In addition to these celebrations the Chapter is preparing an exhibit of books written by the Chapter members to send to the Tennessee Exposition for the woman's building. Short as has been our life we mourn the death of two members, Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher and Mrs. Harriet T. Smith.

We are truly proud of our Chapter, of the enthusiasm and true patriotism shown at its meetings, and we look forward to a noble and useful future.

LUCRETIA SHAW CHAPTER.—The members of the Lucretia Shaw Chapter, New London, Connecticut, were the recipients of an agreeable surprise at their late January meeting. The Regent, Miss Chew, read a letter which she had just received from Mrs. Emma Tate Walker, Regent of the Chicago Chapter. In this letter Mrs. Walker begged the acceptance, by our Chapter, of a flag which she proposed to present to us. This generous offer was promptly and most gratefully accepted by the delighted members.

Mrs. Walker is a native of New London, a member of one of our oldest families (the Tate), but has been for many years a resident of Chicago. Through her sister, Mrs. Peleg Williams, a member of our Board of Management, Mrs. Walker had learned that our Chapter did not own a flag, hence her timely gift. Accompanying the flag and exquisitely embossed in blue on white satin (giving the colors of our organization), was the following poem, showing that the *divinus afflatus* of poetry glows as brightly in the heart of the generous donor as her patriotic zeal.

For the
Lucretia Shaw Chapter,
D. A. R.
Our Flag.

I.

Out into the West where the sunsets die—
And the days linger the longest to gladden the eye;
In the South, where the citron and orange trees bloom,
And the golden fruit ripens midst sweetest perfume;
Away in the East, where the first flush of dawn,
So silently heralds a day newly born—
O'er all our dear land, from sea unto sea,
Hail! Emblem of Liberty—"flag of the free."

II.

For the lamps of the night are alight over head
Departing day gives us—your color—the red.
The nebulous cloud of luminous light
Another tint adds—and gives us—the white,
And the glorious stars, in their azure blue vault,
Were the last heavenly hints from which you were wrought.

EMELINE TATE WALKER,

Regent Chicago Chapter, D. A. R., 1897.

The Lucretia Shaw Chapter has desired the Historian to draw up suitable resolutions embodying their appreciation and gratitude for this gift. The following resolutions were therefore adopted :

WHEREAS, The Lucretia Shaw Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, has received a very welcome and beautiful banner from the Regent of the Chicago Chapter, Mrs. Emeline Tate Walker ;

Resolved, That the Lucretia Shaw Chapter do hereby tender their most sincere thanks for this appropriate benefaction.

Resolved, That the accompanying poem, so fraught with poetic and patriotic fire, shall be framed and preserved with our Chapter treasures ;

Resolved, That the token of amity thus sent from the Chapter in the "Queen City of the West" to that, in our seaside city, is a symbol of the harmony existing between the patriotic sisterhood from the Atlantic to the Pacific, working in our grand cause together. A work, not the least of whose objects it is ever to fitly honor the folds of "Old Glory."

Resolved, That when, at each meeting, we shall hereafter use this flag, it will bring to our hearts most cordial and tender memories of our generous friend and co-worker, the Regent of Chicago Chapter, Mrs. Emeline Tate Walker.

Respectfully submitted,—MRS. MARIAN REED HEMPSTEAD STAYNER,
Historian.

JANE DOUGLAS CHAPTER.—The celebration of Washington's Birthday by the Jane Douglass Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, assisted by the Samuel McDowell Society, Children of the American Revolution, was one of the most charming social events of the season. The commodious residence of the Regent, Mrs. John Lane Henry, was beautifully decorated with flags and bunting wherever they could be made effective, from the main entrance on through the large hall and suite of rooms thrown open to the guests.

The dignified old hall clock, that had ticked off time during the first Administration, calmly looked down upon the gaiety and wondered, no doubt, why it did not always wear that brilliant red, and clear white, and vivid blue drapery which was so plentiful that it hung from grill work, stair railing, pictures, and doorways, as far as its face could see through the soft artificial light.

On each mantel in the parlors was a large star, emblem of the great Lone Star, greater than all the thirteen original ones honored in the badge of the Society put together. Many objects of interest were displayed, among them photographs and old engravings of Mount Vernon and of scenes representing particular events in the life or times of the great soldier. None were more interesting than a pen and ink portrait of Mrs. Henry's grandmother, who was Elinor, the youngest sister of brave Isaac Shelby, first Governor of Kentucky. One object which attracted much attention was a flax wheel in perfect preservation, a "hand" of flax on the distaff ready for spinning. Another equally interesting but less peaceful reminder of the "spirit of '76" was a sword, black with age and redolent of gory memories of Valley Forge and the battle of Trenton, which hung over the piano. Above it was a life-size portrait of Washington, effectively brought out by an elaborate decoration of the national colors extending entirely across that panel of the wall. Wax candles in a pair of lovely old candelabra on the piano shed a soft light upon those noble features and those stern but kindly eyes.

Mrs. Henry, who is also a Colonial Dame, and the first one appointed in Texas, was attired as a colonial dame, wearing with this costume her beautiful Daughters of the American

Revolution badge, just presented to her by her mother. In the hub of the wheel is a diamond, valuable to the wearer as a keepsake. She was assisted in receiving by Mesdames Harrison, of Fort Worth; Samuell, Worthington, Gabriel de Jarrette and Miss Yocum. It must be said that powdered hair is very becoming to these ladies, but the tableau they made owed much of its effect to two diminutives in the foreground, dear little Samuel Welsh Clark and his sister, Virginia Maxey Clark.

Costumed as George and Martha Washington, these charming children of the American Revolution stood upon a rug just inside the entrance and gravely smiled a welcome to the arrivals, very much after the manner of their illustrious originals, he with cocked hat under his arm and she toying with her fan. His brilliant uniform of white satin knee breeches and blue satin coat, gold embroidered, set as easily as if an every day affair, as also her quaint little dress with its scant long skirt and modest neckerchief, while the peruke with its bow of black ribbon and the wealth of blonde mob curls were perfect specimens of the coiffeur's art.

At a given signal the assembled guests retired to the sides of the rooms, thus making an aisle through which Mrs. Henry, Chapter Regent, and Mrs. Moody, President of the Society, led a procession of the Children and Daughters under an arch from which was suspended a United States flag, to be given the West Point salute by the Children.

Miss Ella Moody, appropriately gowned in a quaint old dress with neckerchief and powdered hair, presided at the piano and opened the following programme: "America," sung by the Children and others; invocation, Rev. W. M. Anderson; piano solo, "Star Spangled Banner" (by request), Miss Laura G. Yocum; vocal quartette, "Daughters of Great Heroes," Mrs. Lane, Mrs. Clark, Miss Morgan, Mrs. Moody; presentation of the gavel to the Children, Mr. W. H. Clark; patriotic song, Mrs. Jules Roberts; full chorus, "Star Spangled Banner," Chapter and guests. (The fourth and sixth numbers were dedicated to the National Society of the Daughters).

The especial feature of the celebration was the presentation of the gavel to the children. This was sent to Mrs. Henry by Mrs. Harvey McDowell, of Cynthiana, Kentucky, a great-

granddaughter of Samuel McDowell, who was the first Circuit Judge of Kentucky appointed by President Washington, and for whom the Dallas Society was named. It was made by her son of wood given her by her relative, Henry Clay McDowell, grandson of Samuel McDowell and the present owner of Ashland, famous as having been the home of Henry Clay. The tree of which the gavel was part was planted by that great statesman, who little thought as he watched its growth of the destiny of a fragment of its noble trunk. Mr. Clark was invited to make the presentation because he is a member of the McDowell family. The choice was a happy one, as his address, which included sentiments of purest patriotism, was couched in words chosen with a due regard to the age and intelligence of his younger auditors. The gavel was accepted for the Children of the American Revolution by their youthful president, Joel Samuell, who acquitted himself well under what must have been a trying ordeal. The programme ended, dainty refreshments were served, beautiful music being furnished meanwhile by the Dallas Mandolin and Guitar Club. The decorations in the dining room were very handsome, scarves of red and blue uniting with snowy linen in keeping up the national color scheme, which was observed also in the wax candles in exquisite golden candelabra.

CAYUGA CHAPTER, (Ithaca, New York.)—The anniversary of Washington's wedding day, January 6, 1897, which has been chosen by the members of Cayuga Chapter to be annually observed as their "Chapter Day," was the occasion of a brilliant reception tendered them and their friends by one of their number, Mrs. J. B. Sprague, at her spacious and beautiful residence, "Fairlawn."

The evening—the hours were from eight to ten—was all that could be desired for a scene of festivity, and every detail had been so thoughtfully designed and perfectly superscribed that it seemed, indeed, fitly commemorative of the memorable occasion it recalled, a century or more ago.

The portraits of George and Martha Washington, framed in the folds of a silken banner which draped the reception hall, greeted the guests on arriving, another encased the broad arch

of the dining-room; while palms and flowers and clinging vines, grouped in corners, massed on mantles, and glowing in loveliness everywhere, added the crowning touch of fragrance and artistic grace to the wide rooms, already crowded with luxurious furniture, and rare objects of vertu and art.

Mrs. Sprague was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Jane Coryell McElheny, Vice-Regent, in the absence of Mrs. Schuyler Grant, the Regent, and Mrs. Harriet Derrey Freland, Historian.

Among the "Daughters" and guests, numbering about one hundred and fifty, were a number of the faculty of Cornell University and their wives, several of the latter being included in the list of members.

The "Daughters" represented some of the bravest heroes of the revolutionary struggle. The hostess and her sister, Mrs. Jane Dey Bostovick, being descendants of Colonel Dey, the friend of Washington and La Fayette. The old "Dey Mansion," where they were mutually entertained, and which was at one time "Washington's headquarters," being still extant and well-preserved at Preknass, New Jersey.

Others of the members are descendants of Brigadier General Bloomfield, Colonels Dubois and Jacques, Oliver Walcott, the signer, Captain Turner, one of the heroes of Fort Ticonderoga, the Schuylers, distinguished as statesmen and soldiers, and others, whose proud record of patriotism and service to the country is the most priceless possession of these true "Daughters."

They were fittingly attired in Colonial costume, with 'kerchiefs, puffs, and powdered hair; and many an old time brooch or bracelet was displayed, or other glittering ornament seen, which had been sacredly cherished since their grandmother's time, while others were sedately carrying beaded bags, and other quaint reminders of the past.

The musical and literary program, while not encroaching upon the social elements of the occasion, gave an added zest. "America" and the "Star Spangled Banner" were sung by the Society; and a patriotic medley rendered by the accomplished pianist, Miss McCormick, in her own inimitable manner; solos were sung by Prof. Dahm-Petersen, of the Ithaca Conservatory of Music, and by two lady guests; after which an admir-

able paper in Washington's early life, courtship and marriage, was effectively read by Mrs. Charles Day Johnson.

Then followed the gem of the feast, an address by Prof. Charles Mellen Tyler, Dean of the Department of Philosophy at Cornell University. This address briefly reviewed the career of Washington and presented his character in an altogether new and original light; dealing chiefly, as it did, with Washington, not as the General, whose history is known and read of all men, but of the man in private life—the generous friend, the kind foster-father, the tender and true lover-husband.

Prof. Tyler did not even spare to enumerate those signal characteristics, the verile force and strength of Washington which, upon occasion, would burst forth as the pent-up flame of volcanic fire; instancing in evidence the "strong language" he is said to have used when falsehood and traitorous malice merited the righteous rebuke; "and," said the Reverend Professor, speaking with the ardor of the candid historian, and with manly sympathy of man, "I am glad of it! I am glad to remember that he sometimes used "strong language."

The address was replete with historic facts, wit, and wisdom, rendered in choicest diction, and was greatly enjoyed by all, in especial by the members of the Chapter, who justly estimating the affectional, human side of Washington's nature, gladly viewed him, not as the illustrious hero nearly deified by grateful countrymen, but as the loyal husband of the stately, beautiful "little woman," Martha Parke Custis.

The refreshment table, which was a picture in itself, was presided over by two officers of the Society, Mrs. Roger Williams, Secretary, and Mrs. Benjamin Franklin Jervis, chairman of the Executive Board. Both were quaintly attired, one with the abundant, silvery coils of her hair crowned by an heir-loom in form of a beautiful high-top comb; the other with a tiara glittering in such a perfect representation of powdered puffs, bandeaux, and drooping curls of the fashion of "ye olden tyme," the guests could almost imagine they were being served by some stately colonial dame!

After adieux had been exchanged with the hostess and grateful acknowledgments made for the entertainment which had been successfully carried out, the Daughters adjourned to the home

of the Secretary, not far away, where a merry hour was spent in having flash-light pictures taken of the staid matrons and maidens who would soon doff their colonial airs and return to nineteenth century ways.

And when at last the good-nights had been said and the festivities of "Chapter Day, '97" were ended, the stars were shining in the midnight sky as serenely as they shone, doubtless, one hundred and thirty-eight years before, upon the *real* wedding day of our hero—Washington!—HARRIET DEWEY IRELAND, *Historian*.

[An interesting account of the "Dey Mansion," referred to in the foregoing, and of its owner, with other records of the family, which dates back to an early period at Amsterdam, Holland, can be found in the Magazine of American History of August, 1879. H. D. I.]

BUNKER HILL CHAPTER (Boston, Massachusetts) began the year of 1897 by keeping "open house" for its seventy-five members and other Daughters and Sons, combining sociability, patriotism and good wishes in a delightfully informal manner. The affair was given in Hotel Coupley, the home of its Regent, Marion Howard Brazier, and in the adjoining apartments of one of its members, Miss Marie Ware Laughton, the entire floor being thrown open to the several hundred guests. Outside a large American flag was flung to the breeze, a similar one was draped at the staircase entrance and others in the doorways, while about the reception rooms were standards of silk flags, garlands of laurel and cut flowers in profusion. One flag was especially noticeable, having fourteen stars, one of the very few in existence, made when Vermont was admitted, one hundred and six years ago. It is a valuable relic in the Regent's family. A most efficient quartette of ladies arranged the tables and decorated them with carnations, red-shaded candelabra and attractive dainties. Another flag deserves special mention as the property of a member who found it on the battlefield of '61, when she went to the front to sing to the soldiers, by special permission of Abraham Lincoln. The G. A. R. and W. R. C. sent several flags to aid in the decorative display and high up over the festoons of laurel were the words "Happy New Year."

Miss Brazier, the Regent, was assisted in receiving by Mrs.

Edith Prescott Wolcott, of the Warren and Prescott Chapter and wife of Governor Roger Wolcott ; Mrs. Samuel Eliot, Colonel Henry A. Walker, commander of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery ; Colonel Henry Thomas, of the Governor's staff ; Miss Laughton, Mrs. Ella Worth Pendergast (who represented Bunker Hill city), Mrs. James W. Cartwright, Regent of the Paul Revere Chapter, and Mrs. Laura Wentworth Fowler, Regent of the Old South Chapter, the newest in the Bay State.

Telegrams were received from the Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic and from other dignitaries ; greetings and flowers came from far and near. Nearly every Chapter in the State and the Mary Washington Chapter, of the District of Columbia, was represented most ably.

An impromptu programme of songs by talented members and whistling solos by Ella Chamberlain ended the day's festivities. Congratulations on the Chapter's growth, its prospects and patriotic enthusiasm were numerous from the four hundred guests, among whom were representatives of the Mayflower Society, Order of the Cincinnati, Colonial Wars, Sons of the American Revolution and Sons of the Revolution, Daughters of the Revolution, the Woman's Relief Corps and Grand Army of the Republic, and many social, musical and literary lights. The Bunker Hill Chapter will be represented in Washington by nearly twelve members, who will accompany the delegate and listen to the proceedings of the Continental Congress in order to become thoroughly in touch with our grand and ever-growing patriotic work.—S. M. BROWN, *Historian*.

DOLLY MADISON CHAPTER.—The regular monthly meeting of the Dolly Madison Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, was held at the residence of Mrs. George G. Martin, 1326 L street, N. W., on April 13, 1897, the Regent, Mrs. Charles B. Bailey, presiding. After singing the "Star Spangled Banner" the minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved, and the usual order of business transacted. Miss Lyman was elected to fill a vacancy on the Board caused by the resignation of one of its members. Discussion also arose as to the advisability of holding a "Tea" on Dolly Madison's

birthday, and upon motion it was decided to leave it in the hands of a committee, with Mrs. John Tweedale as chairman. At the close of this session a delightful programme was rendered, as follows : Miss Villa Custis, the Historian, giving a short talk ; Miss Boyd, a piano solo, " The Mountain Stream ;" Miss Lyman, a paper, " The Women We Love to Honor ;" Mrs. John Schaff, a song, " When I am a Man I'll be a Soldier," most appropriate for the occasion : Mrs. Gay Robertson, a poem, " The Three Seekers ;" Mr. de Maurey, a solo from the opera " La Favorite," and Miss Grace H. Jones, two piano solos, a " Rhapsodie " from Liszt and " Bescease " by Chopin. The singing of " America " by the Chapter concluded the programme and refreshments were then served. Among the guests were Mrs. Joshua Wilbour, of Rhode Island ; Mrs. Krebs, of California ; Miss Curtis, of Boston, Massachusetts ; Mr. and Mrs. Harlan, Mrs. Giddings, Mr. and Miss Larnier, Mr. John Tweedale, Dr. Gibbs, Mrs. W. M. Ketchum and Mr. Findlay Harris.—AGNES MARTIN DENNISON.

GENERAL DAVID FORMAN CHAPTER (Trenton, New Jersey).—A very interesting meeting was held on March 5 at the home of Mrs. Robert N. Oliphant, Secretary. Mrs. David A. Depue our newly elected State Regent was the guest of honor, and after being graciously introduced by our Chapter Regent, Mrs. John Moses, she favored us with a short but very interesting talk. Mrs. Samuel D. Oliphant ex-Vice-Regent of the State, and Mrs. Margaret Mather, historian of the Broad Seal, favored us with their presence, also several other ladies prominent in their respective Chapters. Mrs. Hughes Oliphant of the Oliphant Chapter, read a most entertaining paper on one of her ancestors, her great grand mother Margaret Bunyon, (Mrs. John Morgan.) Miss Charlotte Edwards Hale, of the New York city Chapter, gave some reminiscences of George Washington, and a recitation which was loudly applauded. Mrs. Daniel R. Foster, Vice-Regent of the Chapter, had prepared a very clever and entertaining paper on the recent National Congress, which in her absence was read by the Chapter Regent. Mrs. Edward W. Evans gave a paper on General Lafa-

vette. After the literary programme was finished a delightful tea was served by the hostess.—MARY HUNT EVANS, *Historian*.

FORT DEARBORN CHAPTER, Evanston, Illinois.—The twelfth regular meeting of Fort Dearborn Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution was in the form of a reception at the home of the Vice Regent, Mrs. Marshall M. Kirkman on Thursday evening, January 21st.

It was rather a notable affair, being the first time the "Daughters" have ventured to hold a meeting after candle-light, or have been bold enough to ask the "Sons" to join them.

With all the courage born of their inheritance they planned it, with the determination bred of their ambition they achieved it, vanquishing every difficulty, they scored a success that will serve as a precedent for future triumphs in this line.

Among the guests invited were the officers and resident members of the Chicago Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, also the officers and resident members of the Sons of the Revolution and the Sons of the American Revolution.

A paper was read by a member of the latter society, Mr. Spining, on the second battle of Morisiana. The day being an anniversary of the event lent an added interest as did also the fact that ancestors of the reader had participated in the struggle.

Some very delightful songs were given by Mr. Watrous.

Delicious refreshments were served in the dining-room.

The acting hostesses of the occasion, the Regent, Mrs. Holabird, assisted by Mrs. Poucher and Mrs. Bogert, dispensed a hospitality that made the evening one to be remembered with pleasure by all present.—ELLEN LEE WHITE WYMAN, *Secretary*.

MARYLAND LINE CHAPTER.—The creation of the "Maryland Line" Chapter was conceived and carried out by Miss Alice Key Blunt and Miss Elizabeth Floyd Pennington assisted by Miss Forence Mackerbin in the month of April, 1896.

The Chapter was formally organized with the assistance of Mrs. Ritchie, the State Regent, on May 12, 1896, with

thirteen charter members, ten of them being newly elected members of the National Society Daughters of the American Revolution, and three having entered from the "Baltimore Chapter." Miss Florence Mackerbin was named Regent by Mrs. Ritchie, and selected new officers for the year, as follows: Regent, Miss Florence Mackerbin; Recording Secretary, Miss Sallie Howard Murdoch; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Rebecca Russell Fowell; Registrar, Miss Elizabeth Floyd Pennington; Treasurer, Miss Elinor Donnel Wilson; Historian, Miss Eleanor Mackerbin Calvert; Board of Managers, Miss von Copff, Miss Pennington, Miss Alice Key Blunt.

The charter for the Chapter was obtained by its Regent from Registrar General in the month of August, the name "Maryland Line" being the unanimous choice of the members.

At the request of Mrs. Mitchel, and by invitation of the committee from the New York city Chapter Daughters of the American Revolution, for the Key Monument Association Loan Exhibit, Miss Florence Mackinbin collected and sent to the committee a number of valuable Maryland relics which were cordially appreciated at the exhibition.

The Chapter, owing to the small number of its members and necessary expense of its establishment, has been unable to contribute to the fund for the Continental Hall in Washington; it hopes however later, to add its donation to this noble enterprise. One of its cherished objects is to contribute to the fund for the erection of a monument to the soldiers "Maryland Line" from whom the Chapter derives its name. In the purpose it has named a standing committee to consider ways and means for its worthy accomplishment.

The Regent and members of the Chapter duly observed the 19th of September—the centenary of Washington's farewell address to the people of the United States, (being notified to this effect by the State Regent) by downing their Society's emblems urging the display of the flag in their own and their friends homes. Miss Alice Key Blunt also entertained all members of the Daughters of the American Revolution, who happened to be near the mountain home on September 19, to commemorate the day.

The officers and members of the Chapter will assist at the

celebration of General Washington's birthday in Baltimore, arranged through the efforts of the "Sons of the Revolution."

The Chapter holds its general meetings on the third Friday in the month from October to June. The board meetings are held a few days prior to each general meeting. There are nineteen members now belonging to the Chapter, with some ten members whose papers are already sent, or about to be sent, to Washington for admission to the General Society and thereafter to this Chapter. The Treasurer reports the payment of all members dues for 1897. The Regent, Miss Mackinbin, will attend the sixth Continental Congress in Washington. Mrs. Charles B. Calvert serving as the alternate.—FLORENCE MACKINBIN, *Regent*.

ESCHSCHOLTZIA CHAPTER, Los Angeles, California.—Met on the 22nd of February to celebrate the birthday of the illustrious Washington, by a luncheon given at the ladies' annex of the California club. The Chapter numbers now, February 1897, twenty-seven members, twenty-two of who responded to the Chapter invitation.

The members were graciously received and welcomed by the Regent, Miss Eliza Houghton, and were then invited to be seated around the luncheon table, which was brilliantly decorated with Eschscholtzias, the golden flower from which the Chapter takes its name. As soon as the eye grew accustomed to the dazzling hue, there was seen a beautiful silken flag, and the dates 1776 and 1897 in the center of the table. At each end was outlined the insignia of the society. The wheel in white and blue ribbons rimmed with the gold blossoms with the distaff of flax laid across, while at each plate lay a sheaf of poppies bound about with knots of the same ribbon. The card souvenirs were dainty pen etchings of the fair women and brave men of long ago, in which each Daughter sought some fancied sign of her patriot sire.

Miss Jessie Benton Fremont, the Chapter's first Regent, who was unable to be present, was toasted with enthusiasm, and her card afterwards sent to her—a pretty medallion of a Colonial beauty, and the legend "God bless the gentle Lady."

A relic from the Mayflower, the property of one of our mem-

bers, which had come to her in direct descent from Governor Bradford, was a link to the past, and was handled by each one in turn with curiosity, mingled with reverence, and then the beautiful rich voice of a gifted member sent little thrills of patriotism tingling in our veins, as she sang our beloved national hymn.

There was a merry exchange of wit and good stories, the illustrated menu card causing much amusement. It was further enriched by the signatures of those who were present to be preserved in the archives of the Chapter as a memento of the occasion. At a signal from the Regent all rose; joining the while in a patriotic chorus. Cordial greetings were then extended to two new members who were present, and all departed full of good humor, feeling much better acquainted with each other, and full of pleasant plans for the future.—MARY AGNES CRANK, *Historian*.

BALTIMORE CHAPTER was entertained by a delightful tea given by Miss Elizabeth Y. Thompson, at her home on Chase street, on the 18th of February. Miss Thompson received her guests, assisted by the Chapter Regent, Mrs. J. Pembroke Thom, Mrs. J. J. Jackson, Mrs. Jervis Spencer, Mrs. Neilson Poe, Mrs. B. F. Smith, Mrs. E. V. Miller, and Mrs. George Norbury McKenzie, who each wore a tricolor badge pinned with a button surmounted by an American flag. The decorations were especially beautiful. American flags were arranged upon the walls and two of unusual size and great beauty were draped as portieres over the drawing room door. The coat-of-arms of Maryland was hung in the hall, and the stair case was draped with red and white bunting. The light was softened by red shades, which gave the prevailing tone of color as an atmosphere through which the scene was viewed, while the beautiful red and white carnations gave the last touch of completeness to the symphony of colors. The "Star Spangled Banner" was sung in chorus by the assembled company, and Mrs Wesley Ohr added to the pleasure of the occasion by singing several charming songs. Mrs. J. J. Jackson read a very interesting scrap of history from General Bradley Johnson's Memoirs of General Washington, describing Linch Tichlman's ride up

the peninsula of Maryland carrying the news of Cornwallis' surrender to Philadelphia. She compared that incident in picturesqueness and interest to the famous ride of Paul Revere. Mrs. E. V. Miller moved to offer a vote of thanks to Miss Thompson for her charming tea, and so closed one of the most delightful afternoons ever spent by the Baltimore Chapter.—E. W. FREELAND.

CAMDEN CHAPTER.—The first social and literary meeting of the Camden Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, was held at the home of Mrs. George F. Conant, the Regent, on Friday, December 11, 1896, when the members were invited by Mrs. Conant to a red, white, and blue luncheon at one o'clock p. m. Mrs. Mary J. Strong, a member of the Abigail Wolcott Ellsworth Chapter, of Windsor, Connecticut, was also present. The tables were very handsomely arranged with colonial ware in blue and white, and these decorations were carried out as nearly as possible in the more modern china, while red and white carnations in dainty vases rested on ribbons of blue. Candelabra on either end of the table held lighted tapers with red shades, and the electrolier above had red, white, and blue shades. At each plate was a miniature flag of satin and dainty blue and white boxes containing red bonbons as favors for each guest. The menu was choice and dainty and heartily enjoyed by the Daughters. After proper attention had been given to the lunch, the ladies assembled in the spacious library of Mrs. Conant's home, where the following programme was rendered: Opening, the Lord's Prayer in unison; piano solo, Mrs. Lois Snow Kendall; "Synopsis of Ancestors of Charter Members," Mrs. Clara Harvey Stoddard; "Revolutionary Soldiers Buried in Camden," Mrs. Nancy Empey Edie; "Our Flag," Mrs. Susan B. Cromwell; piano duet, Mrs. Grace Strong Case and Mrs. Lois Snow Kendall; singing, "America." The papers were all very interesting and the music excellent. It has already been found that there are twenty-six revolutionary soldiers buried in Camden, and there may be more. A hearty vote of thanks was given Mrs. Conant for the delightful entertainment she had given to the Chapter. About five o'clock they dispersed all feeling well

pleased with their first meeting and that the work of the Chapter had been favorably begun.—S. LUCY MILLER, *Secretary*.

HARRISBURG CHAPTER.—A most enjoyable meeting of the Harrisburg Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, was held at the house of the Historian, Miss Pearson. In spite of the gloomy day a goodly number were present, and looking at the beautiful decorations of flags, flowers, and red, white and blue ribbons the stormy weather was forgotten and all felt repaid for their going. The business routine of the Chapter was taken up and nominations for officers governing the board and prize committee were made, the election to take place at the meeting in May. The old officers were nominated with the exception of Miss Buehler, Registrar. Miss Mary McAllister was named for the office. Mrs. John C. Kunkel resigned from the governing board and Mrs. Norris put in this place. Mrs. John C. Kunkel was placed on the prize committee, which has this year Mrs. M. W. McAlarney as chairman.

A report was heard from the committee on entertainment. A social gathering was held on March 20, at which Miss Myra Lloyd Dock delivered an address on John Bartram, the botanist.

Mrs. Louis W. Hall gave an animated and interesting account of her visit as delegate to the Continental Congress held in February in Washington, speaking with enthusiasm of the growth of the Society and of the work already accomplished by it.

After the business of the Chapter was completed a very dainty collation was served. As the Harrisburg Chapter could not meet on February 22, owing to the Congress being on that date, the celebration of George Washington's birthday was deferred.

CUYAHOGA PORTAGE CHAPTER.—The accepted members of the Daughters of the American Revolution of Akron, met at the residence of Mrs. Col. A. L. Conger, January 25, 1897, organized and appointed the officers named by the Regent, Mrs.

A. L. Conger, who was appointed by Mrs. Elroy Avery, State Regent of Ohio.

Officers: Regent, Mrs. Col. A. L. Conger, (Emily Bronson); Vice Regent, Mrs. Henrietta Dall (Sanford) Ganter; Registrar, Mrs. Charles Baird (Lucy Allyn Voris); Treasurer, Mrs. George C. Berry (Martha King); Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. S. W. Parshall (Hattie E. Pardee); Recording Secretary, Mrs. M. R. Hayne (Minnie Wheeler); Historian, Mrs. M. A. Allen (Frances DeWolf). *Committee of Safety.* Mrs. Helen (Beebe) Raymond, chairman; Mrs. Delos Hart (Phoebe A. Haley), Mrs. A. H. Sargent (Sue Sella Sargent), Mrs. Byron M. Allison (Caroline Augusta Hine), Mrs. Harry Thompson (Laura Cooke), Mrs. A. C. Voris (Lizzie H. Ladd), Mrs. Emma E. (Ladd) McNeil. *Delegate to the Continental Convention.* Regent, Mrs. A. L. Conger; First Alternate, Mrs. Henrietta D. Ganter; Second Alternate, Mrs. Edward F. Voris. The name adopted was an historical one, that of Cuyahoga Portage for their chapter. MRS. S. W. PARSHALL, *Corresponding Secretary.*

THE CUYAHOGA PORTAGE—SKETCH OF ITS HISTORY.

The history in brief of the name Cuyahoga portage is as follows: The Cuyahoga portage, known at the present time as the Portage Path or Indian Trail, was the great highway between the Great Lakes and the Gulf of Mexico, being the only break in the chain of water communication between the Great Lakes and the Gulf of Mexico.

In the Indians' migration south in the autumn and north in the spring this was their route. In going south they left Lake Erie, entering the mouth of the Cuyahoga river they followed the river to its most southern point, where it bends to the east. Here they left the river bearing their canoes and burdens on their backs and going southward over the portage, a distance of nearly eight miles, they reached the most northern point of the Tuscarawas river, the right branch of the Muskingum river which empties into the Ohio. This portage has always been an exceedingly important historical boundary in the United States.

Before the Europeans came to this country the Cuyahoga river and the portage formed the boundary line between the Six Nations of the East and the Western tribes of Indians.

In the Lancaster treaty of 1744, between the British and the Indians, it is mentioned as a boundary.

In the Treaty of Fort McIntosh, in 1785, it is a celebrated boundary, and the Treaty of Fort Harmar, 1789, confirmed the McIntosh Treaty.

The Treaty of Greenville, 1795, made this portage again part of the eastern boundary between the United States and the Indians.

Thomas Jefferson, in his notes published in 1801, refers to this portage.

In the ordinance of 1787 for the government of the territory of the United States northwest of the Ohio river it is provided that the "navigable waters leading into the Mississippi and Saint Lawrence and the carrying places between the same shall be common highways, and forever free as well to the inhabitants of the said territory as to the citizens of the United States, and those of any other States that may be admitted into the Confederacy, without any tax, impost or duty therefor."

A portion of the Cuyahoga portage is still an open and traveled highway and is located partly within the city of Akron and partly west of its western boundary.

WESTERN RESERVE CHAPTER.—Mrs. E. C. Pechin, of No. 587 Prospect street, Cleveland, gave a tea to the Western Reserve Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Mrs. Pechin and daughters are members of the Chapter and their hospitality was made the occasion for a pleasant incident which for some weeks has been eagerly anticipated by the society.

After perfecting arrangements for the reception to be given at the Colonial Club to the delegates of the National Congress of the Sons of the American Revolution, the real object of the gathering became manifest when Mrs. Pechin, in a graceful speech, handed to Mrs. W. H. Barriss, the regent of the Chapter, a little package, who in turn presented it to Mrs. Elroy M. Avery, late State Regent of Ohio and present Vice-President General of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Mrs. Barriss said:

"Mrs. Avery, the ladies of the Western Reserve Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution doubt whether your modesty permits you to realize how much you are esteemed by them, and how greatly your services in behalf of the chapter are appreciated. As their representative it is my pleasant duty to say in your presence the things we are in the habit of saying to each other. We realize that this Chapter owes its origin to you, that since then you have labored for it continuously, effectively, and unselfishly. We realize, also, that we are sharing the honors which your character and ability have won from the Chapters of the State and from the members of the Continental Congress. We rejoice that you are ours. The

Chapter has decreed this trifling token of our pride and appreciation."

The box contained a Regent's pin and five gold slides called "ancestral bars," each of which was engraved with the name of a Revolutionary patriot from whom Mrs. Avery is descended. They were Colonel John Bailey, Gad Hitchcock, LL. D., Gar Hitchcock, M. D., Deacon Samuel Tilden, Samuel Tilden, Jr.

The presentation was a complete surprise, as intended, and Mrs. Avery was too much overcome to respond to it. About forty members of the Chapter were present. Miss Daisy Pechin presided at the tea table and was assisted by Miss Elizabeth Clifford Neff.

OLD COLONY CHAPTER.—Washington's birthday was commemorated by the Old Colony Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, by a Colonial tea at the house of Mrs. Francis H. Lincoln, on Main street. The guests were received by the committee of the occasion: Mrs. Melcher, Miss Mary E. Lovett and its chairman, the hostess herself, in costumes of the Colonial period, high-dressed powdered hair and patches to add to the antique effect of their brocaded gowns and old-time laces. The Regent of the Chapter reproduced the picture of Mrs. Washington in her attire, and most of the other Daughters wore dresses and tuckers, broad collars and high combs of their ancestresses, which, with Mrs. General Lincoln's scarlet cloak, worn by her great-great-granddaughter, and a quaint little red riding-coat of the revolutionary period sported by another lady, gave a picturesque quaintness to the assembly. The parlor was adorned with flags and decorations of red, white and blue, and were gay with beautiful flowers sent by the Registrar, Miss Brady. Enlivened by the handsome costumes and smiling faces of the guests the scene was charming and will long be remembered by the Chapter as one of the prettiest of its celebrations of historic anniversaries.

The meeting was opened by the usual business after which the Regent, Mrs. Robbins, made a short address upon the character of Washington. This was followed by an interesting essay from Mrs. Starkes Whiton upon the mother of the great patriot, which so impressed the Chapter that a resolution was

at once passed to contribute to the endowment fund, by which the monument, already erected to the memory of Mary Washington by the Daughters of the American Revolution, shall be forever protected from neglect and vandalism.

Mrs. John W. Day then read a valuable paper full of important suggestions as to the best way of impressing the children with vivid pictures of the past, and in accordance with her ideas a committee was appointed to report upon a scheme for some celebration for their benefit.

The singing of America by the assembled guests with guitar accompaniment by Mrs. S. H. Spalding followed, and finally a poem was read by Mrs. J. W. Spooner, written in honor of one of her colonial ancestors by another descendant.

After the exercises of the Chapter were over the guests enjoyed a tea and social conversation in another room, and separated full of enthusiasm for the charming entertainment provided for them by the committee and the genial hostess of the occasion.

CALIFORNIA CHAPTER, of San Francisco, California, which was organized in April, 1896, by twelve of the former members of Sequoia Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, held a monthly meeting of uncommon interest on Monday, January 25, 1897, when Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, the Treasurer, and one of the organizers, entertained the Chapter and some guests with revolutionary ancestors, at the Century Club rooms, the Regent, Mrs. A. L. Bancroft, presiding. After the business of the Chapter was concluded the guests were received by Mrs. Hopkins, assisted by Mrs. A. L. Bancroft and Mrs. Joseph L. Moody. A paper was read by the Historian, Mrs. C. Elwood Brown, on the battle of Long Island, with especial reference to the six heroic charges made by the four hundred of the Maryland brigade under General Alexander, Lord Stirling, who had espoused the American cause, who covered the retreat of Washington and his army with the sacrifice of their lives in a nobler cause than did the famous Light Brigade in their charge at Balaklava. The audience was much charmed by the exquisite rendering of some vocal solos by Mrs. O. P. Evans, of San Francisco. This historical and social occasion

came to a happy close with the serving of a delicious menu, after which the audience dispersed. Among those present were Mrs. A. L. Bancroft, Regent; Mrs. S. M. Van Wyck, Vice-Regent; Mrs. Frederick Heulett, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Florence C. Moore, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Treasurer; Mrs. Joseph L. Moody, Registrar and chairman of the Committee on Approval; Mrs. C. Elwood Brown, Historian; Mrs. S. W. Holloday, Mrs. John M. Chretien, Mrs. George A. Crux, Mrs. Osgood Putnam, Mrs. Albert Bancroft, Mrs. Charles Bancroft, Mrs. Davenport, Mrs. E. W. Newhall, Miss E. M. Jones, Miss Marie Voorhies, Miss Simeon Wenban, Mrs. Wm. O. Mills, Mrs. Davenport, Mrs. J. Henshaw Ward, Mrs. John Boyd, Miss A. G. Catlin, and Miss Mary Verry. Mrs. S. W. Holloday nee Georgiana C. Ord, is a lineal descendant of one of the Maryland four hundred, Michael Cresap.—HULDA H. BERGEN BROWN, *Historian*.

SA-GO-YE-WAT-HA CHAPTER (Seneca Falls, New York). In February, 1893, Miss Cowing was accepted as a member of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, being the first person from this village to join the organization, her number being 3218. In April, 1894, Miss Janet Cowing was accepted, her number being 4961. And to the patriotic efforts and zeal of these two "Daughters" is due in large measure the existence of Sa-go-ye wat-ha Chapter. After a time Mrs. Lillian R. Sanford became interested in the movement; and in February, 1896, a chapter was organized with eleven members.

Sa-go-ye-wat-ha was selected for our name as being especially appropriate because of his connection with the revolutionary times. The great chieftain Sa-go-ye-wat-ha (Red Jacket) was born a few miles from here and a graceful monument to his memory in form of the trunk of a tree stands on the shore of Cayuga lake, near the place of his birth.

Our officers for the first year were Mrs. Sanford, Regent; Mrs. Dickinson, Secretary; Miss Cowing, Treasurer. Pleasant meetings have been held during the year, and new members have been added until now we number thirty, and others contemplate joining us.

Mrs. Mott represented us at the meeting of the state regents at Utica in June. The regent and Miss Jane McKay Cowing represented us at the congress of the State Federation of Womens' Clubs and Societies in Buffalo.

In March of last year we joined in a petition to Congress to make an appropriation for printing the Continental records and sent copies of the petition to our congressmen and to others who we thought would be likely to urge the passage of the appropriation. Early in the year we, in connection with the other chapters of the state, purchased a pin for the State Regent in appreciation of her work.

Our aim is to collect a library on subjects as will serve to carry out the intentions of the founders of the Society, and a bookcase in our library building is set apart for our use.

Sa-go-ye-wat-ha Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, met at the residence of Mrs. Yawger to celebrate the birthday of Washington. The handsome house, built in the old colonial style, was tastefully decorated; American flags were everywhere; Washington's coat-of-arms was over the mantelpiece with Washington's portrait; even the traditionary hatchet was in evidence.

An interesting literary and musical programme had been arranged by Miss Janet M. Cowing and Mrs. Mott, after which a tablet with pencil attached and decorated with a tiny American flag was handed each member, and a series of questions on the life and character of Washington were asked, the members writing their answers on the tablet. This was creditably done, giving evidence that we were well acquainted with the history of the father of our country. The prizes were awarded to Miss Cowing and Mrs. Yawger. A dainty repast was then served, the delicate china used having been in the family of the hostess many generations.

As this was the anniversary of the organization of the Chapter, officers were elected as follows: Regent, Mrs. Lillias R. Sanford; Vice-Regent, Mrs. Elizabeth W. Addison; Secretary, Miss Claribel Teller; Registrar, Miss Janet McKay Cowing; Historian, Miss Blanche R. Daniels.—SECRETARY.

LEXINGTON CHAPTER (Lexington, Kentucky).—During the

past year the history of the Lexington Chapter has been one of activity and achievement. We have earnestly endeavored by every means in our power to fulfill the purpose of our organization. Our efforts have been received with kindly interest and encouragement in our own community; and they have also attracted attention and aroused interest throughout the State. In April, 1896, the Lexington Chapter placed portraits of Washington in each of the nine public schools of Lexington, Kentucky. On June 9 the Chapter tendered a reception to the members of the National Association of the Veterans of the Mexican War, then holding its annual convention in Lexington, Kentucky. On July 18, in response to the appeal from Miss Clara Barton, the Chapter subscribed the sum of \$21.55 to the Armenian Relief Fund. The most important work accomplished by the Chapter was the completion and dedication, at a cost of \$325.00, of a memorial to the Pioneer Women of Bryan's Station, Kentucky. In placing this memorial our Chapter has not only commemorated one of the most important events in the history of our State, but we have also earned the distinction of having erected the first memorial ever raised in this country *to women by women*. On August 15 the memorial was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies which attracted wide-spread attention. An evidence of this is found in the fact that the Filson Club, of Louisville, Kentucky, has offered the proceedings of our Chapter upon this day as their publication for 1897. On September 19 the Chapter observed the Centennial Anniversary of Washington's Farewell Address. At our request the city papers published in full the text of the address which was thus carried to almost every home in the city. In December the Chapter adopted a form of prayer to be read at the opening of its sessions. On January 28 Colonel Bennett H. Young, of Louisville, delivered an address before the Chapter upon the battle of Blue Licks. The results of the work of the Chapter during the past year have been most gratifying. We enter upon another year with every prospect of continued growth and usefulness. With the interest which our efforts have aroused in our community, with a membership which has doubled itself during the year, with a treasury in most excellent condition, with the zeal and

enthusiasm of our members greatly augmented, we feel that our Chapter has cause for congratulation for past achievements and just expectations of increased prosperity.—*LUCRETIA HART CLAY, Regent; ELIZABETH B. SCOTT, Secretary.*

WILTWYCK CHAPTER.—The regular meeting of Wiltwyck Chapter, of Kingston, New York, was a most enjoyable affair. Mrs. Le Grand Abbey was the hostess and had made her home beautiful with the colors of France and America. The Regent's table was draped in a magnificent flag—the Star Spangled Banner—and everywhere were flags and bunting. The topic of the day was "Our Treaties with France," which was the subject of the principal paper by Miss K. A. Young, preceded by a paper on "Lafayette," by Mrs. M. J. Michael, and "Franklin," by Mrs. H. B. Snyder. The music was a solo, "Barbara Fritchie," by Miss L. L. Graham; "Marseillaise," by a semi-chorus (a paper giving the history of this hymn, by Mrs. T. D. Lewis), and concluding with "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean," sung with much enthusiasm. At this meeting the Chapter decided to have a series of lessons on parliamentary law.

CAMP MIDDLEBROOK CHAPTER, of Bound Brook, New Jersey, held their third annual banquet at the Sterling on January 18, 1897. After a most delicious and well-served dinner, toasts were responded to by a number of patriotic citizens, and all rose and drank, in silence standing, to the memory of Washington, of water brought from the well-known "Mollie Pitcher" spring, on the Monmouth battlefield. At the close of the exercises Mrs. N. H. Dunham, always most keenly alive to the interests of the cause, presented the Chapter with a beautiful flag in honor of the recent growth in membership.

OLD SOUTH CHAPTER.—The fourth regular meeting of the Old South Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, was held in the Legion of Honor Hall, 200 Huntingdon avenue. There was a large attendance of members, and many Regents from other Chapters were present as guests. Among them were Mrs. Samuel Elliott and Mrs. Grinnell, of the War-

ren and Prescott Chapters; Mrs. James Cartwright, of the Paul Revere Chapter; Mrs. J. H. Barnes, of the General Benjamin Lincoln Chapter, East Boston; Mrs. Allen, of the Hannah Goddard Chapter, Newton; Mrs. Evans, Regent, of the Lockport, New York, Chapter. After patriotic music, the Regent, Mrs. Laura Wentworth Fowler, gave an account of the meetings in Washington. Afterward, by request, she gave her impression of inauguration day. Miss Brazier, one of the guests, supplemented the report, and several of the visiting Regents made brief remarks. The Chapter will have a spring outing, probably at the old Fairbanks house in Dedham. Miss Rebecca Fairbanks, the present occupant of the house, who is of the seventh generation of the family, is a charter member of the Old South Chapter.

NEW YORK CITY CHAPTER.—Regent, Mrs. Donald McLean; First Vice-Regent, Mrs. Jamie LeDuc; Second Vice-Regent, Mrs. G. V. C. Hamilton; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Caroline Brickett Stewart; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Sara Francis Hall; Treasurer, Mrs. Clarence A. Postley; Registrar, Mrs. Vernon M. Davis; Historian, Miss Emma G. Lathrop; Safety Committee, Mrs. Edwardes Hall, Mrs. Webster Elmes, Mrs. Mary E. Moffat, Mrs. William Cummings Story, Mrs. Leon Harvier, Mrs. Washington Morton, Mrs. James W. Randell, Mrs. James Fairman, Mrs. Edna B. Allen, Mrs. John Stanton, Miss Ingraham, Mrs. George H. Dominick, Mrs. James A. Striker.



MEDFORD, Massachusetts, 8 April, 1897.

MRS. MARY S. LOCKWOOD,

Editor of the American Monthly Magazine.

DEAR MADAM: I send a copy of an autograph letter in my possession, which was addressed to "Lieut. John Gilpatrick Wells," whose services with those of another ancestor of mine made me a Daughter of the American Revolution, hoping it may be of use to you in your Magazine. I have also the original commission appointing him second lieutenant, which was issued by "The Major Part of the Council of the Massachusetts Bay, in New England," 29 March, 1776, which I can copy for your use should you desire.

Very truly yours,

(Miss) ELIZA M. GILL,

Historian Sarah Bradlee Fulton Chapter.

The arrangement of the lines, erasures and corrections are in all respects like the original. Two lines at the close seem to have been cut off. The writing is very fine, but very distinct, there being but one doubtful word before the signer's name, which I have copied as it was written:

BEVERLY, 31 May, 1780.

Sir,

I recd yours of ye 26 may by Mr Conant & am glad to hear of your good health the sweets of which I know by experience

.
the mistake you mention is not as you Conceive it to be—I Suppose Sir the weages you speek of are the State weages, as you recd. Neals Continental weages at Providence with the weages of the rest of your Detachment for which I have your receipt in which Sam Neals Name is inserted with the rest . .

But with regard to Neals State pay he recd it of me at Providence perhaps you may remember that he was Detain there on business of mine til after the rest had Set out for home, he then

(1082)

told me that as he Lived a very Considerable Distance from both you & myself therefore he Should be very glad if I would advance his State pay which I Did & have his receipt for the Same the receipt was a general receipt worte for & Signed by the Company individually as they recd their State Pay Neal recd his money & Signed the receipt at Providence—a Coppy of which receipt I inclose you in this Letter

I Conclude with my best regards to you
remaing—Sir your friend

& SIST SIMEON BROWN

P S this I intended to have sent by Mr Conant but when I got to his Brothers with it he was gone

NEW YORK, April 7th, '97.

MRS. MARY LOCKWOOD,

Editor American Monthly Magazine.

DEAR MADAM: The following is an exact facsimile of an old letter I have. With much of the old manuscript belonging to my grandfather Capt. Bernard Hubley, the author of the History of the American Revolution, published in the twenty-seventh year of the Independence of the United States of America. It may be of interest to your many readers.

Respectfully,

ELIZABETH MCCALLA STEPHAN,

No. 57 West Eighty-fourth Street, New York.

To John Hancock Esquire President of Congress

Camp at cambridge July 14th, 1775.

SIR:

Since I did myself the honor of addressing you on the 10th inst. nothing material has happened in the camp. from some authentic and late advices of the state of the ministerial troops, and the great inconvenience of calling in the militia in the midst of harvest. I have been induced, for the present to Move it:—but in the mean time recruiting parties have been sent throughout the province, to fill up the regiments to the establishment of the provincial congress. At the same time I received these advices, I have also obtained a list of the officers of the enemy killed and wounded in the late battle at Charlestown, which I take this opportunity to enclose.

The—

The great scarcity of fresh provisions in their army, has led me to take every precaution to prevent a supply, for this pur-

pose, I have ordered all the cattle and sheep to be drawn from the low grounds and farms within their reach. A detachment from general Thomas's Camp, on Wednesday night, went over to Long Island, and brought from thence twenty cattle and a number of sheep, with about fifteen laborers who had been put on by A Mr. Roy Thomas, to cut the hay, &c., by some accident, omitted burning the hay, and returned the next day at noon to complete it; which they effected amidst the firing of the shipping, with the loss of one man killed and another wounded in the maylee.

*

Last—

Last evening also, A party of the Connecticut men strolled down on the march at Roxbury, and fired upon A centeg; which drew on A heavy fire from the enemy's lines—and floating batteries, but attended with no other effect, than the loss of one killed by A shot from the enemys lines, in the meantime, we, are, on both sides, continuing our works. ** but there has been no other movement, than what I have noticed above. * I shall endeavor to give A regular and particular * account of all transactions as they occur, which yoo will please lay before the honorable congress.

Note the above **

I have the honour to be, &c,

WASHINGTON.



SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF MR. JOHN REILY.

TAKEN IN PART FROM "JAMES MCBRIDE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHIES."

No words can do justice to the lives of many of the first pioneers of this county. For a week past I have been pouring over their brave deeds, their hardships and privations, and in some instances their complete victories and triumphs, and have found them so heart-stirring and inspiring that I want you to share with me the sketch of the life of one of them, Mr. John Reily, for whom our Chapter is named. The story of his life speaks volumes of encouragement to all and every one to lead true, industrious, brave and well regulated lives.

John Reily was born in Staunton, Rockridge, county, Virginia, April 10, 1763. People lived near block houses or forts in those days, where the families could take refuge when attacked by Indians, who made free incursions into the settlements. The subject of our sketch remained with his parents until 1780, when at the age of seventeen he joined the Revolutionary Army, and served 18 months in the Southern Department, under the famous Major General Nathaniel Greene.

The first battle Mr. Reily was in was that of Guilford Court House, fought March 15, 1781. The second was that of Camden. The Third action was the taking of the town of Ninety-Six, which was a long-contested fight, and General Greene said in his official report that "never was greater bravery exhibited." The fourth affair of consequence Mr. Reily

was in, and which was a hard-fought battle, was that of Eutaw Springs, in South Carolina, on the 8th of September, 1781, near the close of the war. At the expiration of his term of eighteen months, when Mr. Reily retired from service, he received a certificate of honorable discharge under the hand and seal of General George Washington himself. He returned to his home in Virginia, where he remained about two years, and then set out to seek his fortune in the wilds of Kentucky. He had a brother-in-law residing in that State near where the town of Danville is now, and Mr. Reily made his home there for some five or six years. He worked on the farm, and being possessed of a mechanical genius, occasionally assisted at carpenter work in building houses in the then new settlement.

In 1789 he removed to Columbia, where he opened and taught an English school, the first taught in the whole Miami country. It was customary with the early settlers to carry their rifles to their corn fields and potato patches with their hoes and other implements of husbandry, and when they assembled on the Sabbath to engage in worship, whether in a log cabin or under a tree, it was with loaded rifles at their sides. Indeed there was an act passed to have them take this necessary precaution. After remaining in Columbia five or six years Mr. Reily abandoned school teaching, went to Cincinnati, and found employment in the office of General John Gans, then clerk of the court of Hamilton County. He remained there until 1799, conducting a large portion of the business of the office. The neat and systematic manner in which he arranged and preserved the papers relating to the business of the court was a frequent subject of remark among the attorneys who practiced at the bar of that county. Mr. Reily was elected clerk of the Territorial Legislature at Chillicothe in 1799 and was reelected for a second and third term.

When the town of Cincinnati had a charter granted by the Legislature Mr. Reily was appointed one of the seven trustees. At the first election he was made clerk and collector.

In 1802 a number of citizens of Cincinnati met for the purpose of establishing a public library in that town. Mr. Reily was one of the number, and by the generous subscriptions of about twenty-five men what was afterwards known as the Cin-

cinnati library was organized. It was the first library in the Northwestern Territory, and two years afterwards the "Coon-Skin Library" was founded at Ames, Athens County.

Mr. Reily removed to Hamilton in 1803, and resided there until the time of his death. The inhabitants were few in number, mainly composed of soldiers and other persons who had been attached to Wayne's army. Mr. Reily took an active part in the new settlement. In 1804 he surveyed and laid out Rossville. About this time he was appointed clerk of the court of common pleas, and held the office under successive re-appointments until 1840, a period of nearly thirty-seven years, when he declined the office. He was also appointed clerk of the Supreme Court of Butler county, and retained this office nearly thirty-nine years. Mr. Reily was recorder of Butler County eight years and clerk of the board of county commissioners from 1803 to 1819. He was often called the guardian of the people of this county, for his ruling was economical and prudent. No heavy debts were incurred, and the people were not subjected to unreasonable taxes.

Under the administration of Thomas Jefferson the first Hamilton post-office was established in 1804, and Mr. Reily was appointed postmaster. There was only one mail route through the interior of the Miami country, the mail being carried on horse back once a week. Starting at Cincinnati, it passed through Hamilton, Franklin, Dayton, Staunton (the present site of Troy), Urbana, Yellow Springs, Lebanon, and back to Cincinnati. Mr. Reily filled the office of postmaster twenty-eight years.

When the Miami University was established in 1809, he was elected a trustee and held this office for twenty-nine years.

Although Mr. Reily was one of the busiest men from his early manhood, devoting his life and services to his country and to his adopted town (indeed engaged in profitable work wherever his lot in life chanced to be) he was also a domestic man, for in February 1808 he married Miss Nancy Hunter, residing in the vicinity of Hamilton. Three sons and two daughters blessed this union. The older members of this chapter will remember the younger daughter, Mrs. L. D. Campbell, who passed away from among us a few years ago.

The oldest son, James Reily, was living in Texas at the breaking out of the late war, and was a general in the Confederate army. He lost his life in battle in Louisiana. The younger son, Robert, was a colonel on the Union side, and died from wounds at the battle of Chancellorsville, Virginia. They died within four days of each other.

In every department of life Mr. Reily was faithful and scrupulously honest. Notwithstanding the severe trials upon his constitution in early life, he generally enjoyed uninterrupted good health until the time of his death, which occurred at Hamilton on the 7th of June, 1850, at the age of eighty-seven years.

We consider this chapter most fortunate in having for its Regent Mrs. Estes G. Rathbone, a granddaughter of such a gentleman as Mr. John Reily.

From the Hamilton Ohio Daily Republican: "Mrs. Rathbone, the founder of the Hamilton Chapter, was one of the members of the "Original One Hundred," who formed the first national organization. Once a member of the "Mary Washington Chapter," in Washington, District of Columbia, she, with seventy other ladies, formed a new chapter, known as the "Dolly Madison Chapter," and ever since has been an enthusiastic worker in the good cause."

MARY C. HOWELLS,
Historian.

GEORGE WALTON, PATRIOT SOLDIER AND STATES- MAN.

The ancestors of George Walton came from England to the American Colonies as early as the year 1682, and from them he inherited that intolerance of tyranny and oppression, which characterized his eventful life.

He was born in Prince Edward County, Virginia, in the year 1741, but after the death of his parents he left his native State and settled in Savannah, Georgia.

His talents and literary taste attracted the interest of influen-

tial friends who aided him in the study of law, and while yet a youth he was admitted to the Georgia bar.

His gift of eloquence he devoted to the cause of liberty and with its "electric thrill" he roused the patriotism and action of the people of the struggling colony.

Before the memorable battle of "Bunker Hill" he was elected a member of the Council of Safety, and from that time until the close of his life he was in the service of his country. In 1777 he married Dorothy Camber, daughter of an English gentleman who resided in Chatham County, Georgia. The following year we find him bravely leading his regiment in the defense of Savannah. Here he was desperately wounded and taken prisoner by the enemy. General Robert Howe, addressed him a letter of sympathy and commended him for his bravery. In a letter written by Walton at this time to his young wife, with the probabilities of death threatening him, he says: "Remember that you are the beloved wife of one who has made honor and reputation the ruling motive in every action of his life." He lived, but his career as a soldier had ended and his record as a statesman began. He was twice Governor of Georgia, six times a representative to Congress, once a Senator of the United States, once Chief Justice of the State of Georgia, several times a member of the Legislature and four times Judge of the Supreme Court.

After enumerating this list, Sanders in his biography of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, says of him: "There are indeed few men in the United States upon whom more solid proofs of public confidence have been conferred."

In 1791 we find him living at "Meadow Garden," Augusta, Georgia. This was his home until the year of his death, 1804. Under its hospitable roof were entertained the best, the bravest, the most cultured in the land. In time of trouble the hand of sympathy opened wide its doors to the unfortunate and distressed. A shadow fell across its doors when the husband, father and loyal friend was borne to his silent resting place on Rosney Hill.

The struggle o'er, the contest done,
The warrior sought a place of rest ;
He chose the sweetest, fairest one,
Where meadows lift their golden crest.

Forgotten are the cares of State ;
His loved ones gather around him now ;
Gladness and pleasure on him wait,
To chase the shadows from his brow.

Stranger, withhold thy ruthless hand,
Truth will defend his home, forbear—
Thou can'st not rend, nor break the band,
That links the name of Walton there.

Oh, Spirit of the sacred past,
Enfold within thy mighty wings,
Name, honor, love, our precious things,
They only death and time outlast.

(Signed)

CATHARINE ELIZABETH WALTON.

CURRENT TOPICS.

THE best of all governments is that which teaches us to govern ourselves.—*Goethe*.

FREEDOM is the power by which men can do what does not interfere with the right of another; its basis is nature; its standard is justice; its protection is law; its moral boundary is the maxim: DO NOT UNTO OTHERS WHAT YOU DO NOT WISH THEY SHOULD DO UNTO YOU.—French Constitution (1793).—*Extracts from "Our Country."*

THIS comprehensive letter, read for the Bunker Hill Chapter, will speak for itself:

In a few words I will try to give my impressions, as a delegate to the Continental Congress, and also show the profit gained by attending it. It is of the greatest benefit, the knowledge that comes from personal contact with those that compose our National Board, and also with the members at large, that meet there, as Regents and delegates for discussion.

You learn to know their faces, their individual characteristics and above all, their earnestness and devotion to the work of the Society.

They are a noble band of women, strong intellectually, of great executive ability, versed in parliamentary law, and thus well equipped to meet and discuss the difficult questions that come to them.

The experience that I gained was so great that I strongly advise any one who can go next year to do so, for I know of no better way to come in touch with the work of the Society. Your views become broadened, your interest increases, and your respect for the Society deepened. It has led me to feel that we should, as a Chapter, be very careful not to do anything that would seem to be antagonistic to the National Society, but give them the credit of having carefully thought out what would be for the best interest of all the members.

Another helpful thing to keep in touch with the work of the Society is to take and read the AMERICAN MONTHLY, a magazine published by the Society, and in which full proceedings of the Board are published. By it you acquire an accurate knowledge of what has been said and done. I consider it very essential to a delegate in preparing and posting herself on the subjects that will be brought forward in the Congress. I subscribed, while in Washington, and since my return some back numbers

were sent to me, and I regret that I had not read them before leaving home, for I should have been so much better prepared.

I will not speak of the Congress, for our Regent gives a full report, but I must say a word of the delightful receptions given by the Chapters and by private individuals. We were most cordially greeted by superbly dressed ladies and made to feel perfectly at home. Our Massachusetts badge gave us, I think, an extra warm greeting, for many said, "I am always glad to see a Massachusetts woman, for I came from Massachusetts." I came home prouder of her than ever for her delegation did her credit, for whenever they spoke it was always well and to the point. I felt it was an honor to be a member of it, and of Bunker Hill Chapter.

Read before the Bunker Hill Chapter, Boston, Massachusetts, March 18, 1897, by Mrs. C. S. W. Vinson.

WE give below the words of "An American Hymn," by Miss Mary Isabella Forsyth. Miss Forsyth also composed the music which is arranged as a vocal chorus in four parts. It is also arranged for an orchestra and was played by the Marine Band at the late Congress. The music can be procured at the publishers, Carl Fisher, 6 and 8 Fourth avenue, New York.

AN AMERICAN HYMN—UNTO THEE, O THE GOD OF OUR FATHERS.

Unto Thee, O the God of our Fathers, we raise
The incense of pray'r that is mingled with praise.
For we are thy people upheld by thy hand
That beckon'd us forth to a new "promised land."

CHORUS.—*After verses 1 and 5 only.*

As our past, be our future, O Father above!
Over brooded by infinite wisdom and love!

As thou madest "of one blood all nations," of old,
So, here they are gathered again in one fold!
Though varied life's currents and impulses run,
The hearts of the nation are beating as one!

For the smiling of plenty o'er all our wide fields,
For treasures the heart of the mountain ridge yields,
For wide opportunity thrilling the soul
That upward and onward would move to its goal.

For the power to do and to be and to dare,
The spirit of freedom we breathe with the air,
We bless Thee, our father! Low bending the knee
We solemnly pledge our allegiance to Thee!

Make us strong through the deeds that our fathers have done,
 And meet for the heritage heroes have won.
 We need not the pillar of cloud nor of flame,
 If led by Thy spirit, we trust in Thy name !

A LITTLE booklet has come to hand, "An American Patriotic Catechism," by Elizabeth Sedgwick Vaill. It is a brief history of the settlement of the American Colonies, their royal charters, the causes of separation, and the establishment of their Independence of Great Britain in the form of question and answer. This little book has been prepared with an imaginary audience of those who love the story of liberty attained by our forefathers. It must prove of unquestionable value to readers of history.

TACOMA, WASHINGTON, *April 26, 1897.*

MRS. M. S. LOCKWOOD,

Editor American Monthly Magazine :

DEAR MADAM : Mary Ball Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, Tacoma, is proud of the fact that in her list of members are two real revolutionary daughters. One is Mrs. Rebecca Smith Tylee, born in Pennsylvania, aged eighty-seven years, daughter of Austin Smith, who enlisted in Connecticut and served during the war. The other is Mrs. Elizabeth Bartlett, aged ninety-four, of Ogden Centre, Michigan. Both have been admitted this year and have received their Souvenir Spoons.

Very sincerely,

JULIA RANDOLPH HARDENBURGH,

Historian.

ANOTHER DAUGHTER OF THE REVOLUTION FOUND.—In her country home at Mantua, Ohio, lives Mrs. Charlotte Goodell, the daughter of Samuel Sanford, of Milford, Connecticut, who enlisted when but ten years old and who received a pension from the Government in his old age for the services rendered when a child. Like all boys of revolutionary times he became imbued with the "war fever." His father being unable to keep him at home and afraid to trust him alone in the long struggle for independence which had just begun, took the boy with him. There was but one position in which the father could have the boy's rash enthusiasm under his constant control, and to that position young Samuel Sanford was appointed—namely, as "body servant" to his father, Captain Sanford.

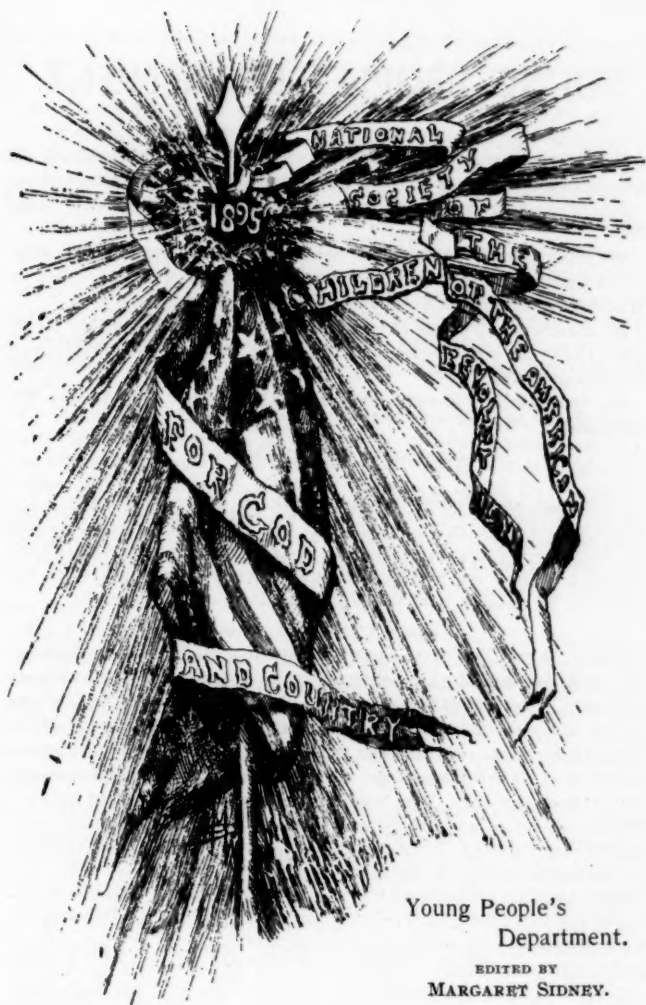
At the close of the Revolutionary War Captain Sanford removed with his family from Milford to Plymouth, and several years later the son Samuel married Miss Rhoda Atwater, of Harwinton, near Plymouth. Mrs. Sanford's brother, Judge Atwater, had gone West to "New Connecticut" or the "Western Reserve," now Ohio. His widowed mother with her two sons and daughters soon followed. Mrs. Sanford, when she could no longer bear the separation from her family, urged her husband to go too. So on February 28, 1817, they started with their flock of little children, giving up the comforts of civilization for the privations and hardships of frontier life. Charlotte Sanford, the subject of this sketch, was at that time not quite five years old and well remembers the long journey made in canvas-covered wagons, and the camping out at night in the forests. It required just four weeks from the time they left the town of Plymouth, Connecticut, until they reached the settlement at Mantua, Ohio. On January 29, 1825, Charlotte Sanford became the wife of Mr. Carlton Goodell, and now at the age of eighty-four has for companions in her home life her son, Mr. Homer Goodell, his family, and her daughter, Miss Amelia Goodell. Her father, Samuel Sanford, died at Mantua, September 27, 1858, at the age of ninety-two, and was buried with military honors. Only three of the children of this revolutionary patriot are now living, Mrs. Goodell, Mrs. Parthenia Cole, of Nelson, Ohio, aged eighty-six years, and Mr. Edwin Sanford, aged seventy-nine, a resident of Mantua.

Answer to the question: "Where was George Washington when he had small-pox?" "George Washington had the small-pox while he was on the island of the Barbadoes in 1751."

EDITH JUDKINS,

Fort Washington Society, Cincinnati, Ohio.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, March 15, 1897.



MAY WHITNEY EMERSON, ARTIST.

Young People's
Department.

EDITED BY
MARGARET SIDNEY.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

Until the complete report of the Congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution is printed, this department with the other departments of the Magazine are always omitted for the months of April and May.

We begin therefore this month our Report of the Annual Convention of the National Society of the Children of the American Revolution at Washington, District of Columbia, February 22 to 27, 1897.

All members will please exercise great patience in waiting for the report of each day's proceeding, as our space is small, and everything must come in order.

The Question Box is omitted this month, to utilize all the space for the reports.

OPENING OF THE CONVENTION.

MONDAY, *February, 22.*

Public patriotic meeting at two o'clock in Columbia Theater. The house was crowded; galleries and aisles being filled with a fine Washington audience, representing all ages. We can not do better than to let the members see how the patriotism of the young people appealed to the audience, by quoting from the Washington Post, of February 23:

THEIR COUNTRY'S FLAG.

Rarely, if ever, has there been so elaborate a celebration of Washington's birthday as that which occurred at the Columbia Theater yesterday afternoon. The celebration was by the National Society of the Children of the American Revolution, and the long programme was full of interesting features. At the rear of the stage, which was draped with a profusion of United States flags, a large portrait of Washington was suspended from the wall. The lower part of the house was filled with the different societies, and the children, dressed in white and bearing flags, made a pretty scene. Each society was provided with a large standard and a banner bearing its name.

The programme opened with prayer by Mrs. Teunis S. Hamlin, Chaplain of the National Society, the children repeating the Lord's Prayer at the conclusion. The "Patriotic Alphabet" by Mr. A. C. Quisenberry of the Sons of the American Revolution, and under the able direction of Miss Mary Dary D. Breckinridge, was a unique feature. Sixty-five children, headed by the Henderson Drum Corps, marched upon the stage and arranged themselves in a pretty group in the center. Twenty-six of them bore the letters of the alphabet on wands. The children, one by one, alphabetically stepped forward and recited a patriotic verse, after which ten of them formed in line, side by side, spelling the word "Washington" while they sang "The Star Spangled Banner." A flag salute

followed. Henry Skillman Breckinridge recited "Our Flag of Liberty" written by the National President, in a masterly manner, after which the audience sang "America."

Mrs. Daniel Lothrop, President of the National Society, delivered an address of welcome to the little delegates. The day, she said, was a sacred one, and while a holiday, it was invested with the hallowed associations that cluster around the nation's liberty. She welcomed the children, the audience, and the Daughters of the American Revolution.

PATRIOTISM IN THE HOME.

"Our National Society," she said, "standing as it does, for children and for youth, has a special claim to be heard this day. We, American mothers and daughters, are endeavoring in this channel, and by the ways and methods adopted in the constitution of our Society, to protect the childhood and youth of our land from that indifference that kills national zeal."

However humble the home, she continued, so long as its children comprehend the possibilities of what it was to be an American, it had that within it that would save the country. The love of liberty was born in every soul, to expand as it was fed. Children should be trained to love their country and its flag. The Constitution was not law, graven on stone, but law graven on the hearts of the people. Mrs. Lothrop said she believed the Constitution should be studied next to the Bible. It was a sacred duty to be informed of its contents, and to govern our conduct by it.

Mrs. J. C. Breckinridge, the director for the District of Columbia, who was to have responded to Mrs. Lothrop's address, was prevented by illness from being present. Her address was read by Miss Breckinridge. Mrs. Breckinridge, in her address, said no one appreciated more than the District children, the marvelous energy displayed by Mrs. Lothrop, by which order had been brought out of chaos and life imparted to the organization.

THE RETURNS OF THE NATIONAL EMBLEM AND CHILDREN'S FLAG DRILL.

The address of Mrs. Cuthbert Harrison Slocomb, State Director for Connecticut, returning the National Emblem presented last year for 1896, by the National President, to the State having the largest number of societies, was read by Mrs. Sara T. Kinney, State Regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution, of Connecticut, and also State Promoter of the Children of the American Revolution, Mrs. Slocomb being unable to be present. Mrs. Kinney was surrounded by the "Nelly Custis Society," of Washington, prettily dressed in white, each child bearing a flag.

The beautiful Emblem was received by the National President and placed in its standard. It will be presented at the close of the convention to the Banner State for 1897.

After the address the little flag-bearers went through an intricate and beautiful drill, which evoked loud applause.

Senator William P. Frye was the next speaker introduced, and he fired his youthful hearers with patriotism by his eloquence. He congratulated Mrs. Lothrop on her success in perfecting the organization. He appreciated her interest, because he had seven grandchildren and wished he had seven more. The extension of patriotic societies to children was already bearing fruit.

The Columbian anthem was sung by Miss Virginia Powell Goodwin, and the chorus of the combined societies. Then came one of the prettiest scenes ever witnessed in Washington. Thirteen girls, dressed in colonial gowns, with powdered hair, each representing one of the original States, marched on the stage to fife and drum music.

YOUNG DELEGATES EXTEND GREETINGS.

Each grasped a streamer of red, white, and blue, which centered at the top of a pole, carried by a little boy in powdered wig, satin knickerbockers, and silver buckled slippers. Leading the procession was Miss Columbia. After a patriotic song, Columbia recited an ode to the flag, waving as she completed each verse, a silken standard. The children were heartily applauded. Two-minute greetings were made by representatives of five of the societies in the national order. All the youthful orators spoke well, and each was applauded as he and she completed the greeting.

Mrs. Donald McLean, one of the State promoters of New York, spoke brilliantly, and told the children several anecdotes with patriotic morals. Mrs. Stephen Putney, State promoter for Virginia, instead of reciting a poem, as the programme announced, made a brief but fine address.

The "Tiny Members," little tots of from four to six years of age, made a hit. They recited in concert with admirable precision and expression.

General Breckinridge was last on the programme and had been expected to deliver an address. "The most pleasant thing to think about now," said he, "is how nice your dinner will be when you get home." He told the children he would not tire them with an address. The meetings of the Children's Society are being held in the First Congregational Church every morning."

[The entire programme was given in the March number and will not be repeated here.]

ADDRESS OF WELCOME BY THE NATIONAL PRESIDENT, MRS. DANIEL LOTHROP.

Daughters of the American Revolution, Children of the American Revolution, Citizens of Washington, and other Friends: The occasion that has called us forth is of no ordinary significance. This day is a sacred day, set aside, it is true for innocent enjoyment on the part of our people as a legal holiday; yet it stands invested with the hallowed associations that cluster around a Nation's liberty, and it is sublime in

the enclosures it enfolds, of power to kindle the holy fire of patriotism and to incite to good citizenship.

Our National Society, standing, as it does, for children and for youth, has a special claim to be heard this day. We, American mothers and daughters, are endeavoring in this channel, and by the ways and methods adopted in the constitution of our Society, to protect the childhood and youth of our land from that indifference that kills national zeal—from that open disregard of national responsibility, that blasts a people more effectively than any other evil. We are striving to hold our banner high, taking the love that comes with motherhood, and with the fraternal relation, as a type of the national protection and loving care disclosed in the fibre of our National Constitution for all, the weakest as well as the strongest. And we firmly believe that the impressible years of childhood, when the tender hearts are naturally drawn to love the good, the noble, and the true—these are the valuable years in which to work, if we mean our country to be safe.

It is easier to train a boy to constantly acquire more love for his country, and for his flag, and to daily incite him to the better study of her laws and to the better comprehension of what it means to be a good citizen, than it is to work, and to plead, and to pray and to break our hearts over him, when he has gone on the dark path downward, whose gates are black with despair. A boy or a girl who loves truth, and liberty, home and country, the mother's Bible, and the flag of our blessed country, is safe for time and for eternity.

I care not how the home is situated, what mental or physical environment possesses it, if its children hold the comprehension of the splendid possibilities of what it is to be a son and a daughter of America—the land of the free—that home may be as devoid of this world's goods as it is possible to be, and yet exist, yet it will shine forth as a star beyond a cloud, for it has that within it that may yet save our country in some threatened sudden disaster. Abraham Lincoln, God's servant, suddenly called to his special work, grew into the light of his splendid mission, when he spelled and coned over in the poverty of his boyhood, those eternal truths that flamed his patriotism to the heroic deeds and words of his after life.

I tell you, friends, the love of liberty is born with every soul to expand as he feeds it. And the American child, oh, what glorious training can be furnished him when our free republic, built as it was, on the faith of our fathers who feared God, marks out for him his lessons of truth, justice, respect to, and obedience of, its laws, written in glowing stars on a field of blue, set by the hands of those fathers.

The Constitution of the United States of America, matchless production of God-giving wisdom and statecraft, is a compendium of the truths of the Bible; the laws not graven on stone for the people, but on the hearts of the people; not delivered by the hand of Moses for those he led out of the wilderness to the new land, but put within the outstretched supplicating palms of his servants who besought him for guidance, and who

were led by our Father of his Country, George Washington. I believe that, studied next to the Bible, on the table by the side of the Bible, taken for daily thought and conversation in every home in our broad land, should be the Constitution of the United States. For I hold that it is a sacred duty to be informed of its contents, to guide our conduct by it, to see that our sons and daughters grow into an understanding of it, and to so use it, that through us it will influence others to thus employ it, till our land shall have it inwrought into the fibre of its childhood and youth, it will thus be employed as an active agent in all individual as well as civil and municipal affairs in the generations to come.

Washington, as the Nation's savior under God, as her defender, was also the provider for her future need. Not only in his matchless Farewell Address, in which he implores most tenderly and powerfully his countrymen to adhere with all possible tenacity and faithfulness to the Constitution, but in his office as president of the Constitutional Convention that met in Philadelphia, May 14, 1787, our father became our strong leader who, like Moses of old, pushed his way out from the dangers that swarmed, around his people into the light of the established and settled Chosen of God.

Washington knew that there was nothing to fear from, or for, a people who understood and followed their Constitution. He took it as a direct truth from God, embodying the divine will arranged to meet the needs of the new Republic ; and with that for equipment, the Union of States could go on forever.

Think you, it is a mean heritage that is ours, oh mothers and daughters, thus to train the young minds entrusted to our care? Think you, that what our fathers and mothers toiled for and built—this Republic—this National Constitution—this flag, think you, that these are slight things to occupy our attention and our time? I tell you, they are freighted with the most solemn responsibilities of the hour and the future. They teem with the most magnificent possibilities. Shall we spend our time in picking up the bright baubles of glittering shells on the shores of time? The stars of eternity beckon us, and the whole broad ocean of endeavor invites us to the wide sweep of achievement, and the Ship of State with the Stars and Stripes at her helm, is ours for passage, if we will.

This Society was founded after many months and even years of thought and study on my part ; and it seemed to me that it should be built on the rock pressed by the feet of the Pilgrim fathers and mothers, on the fields where bled the defenders of our homes and firesides and of our National Independence. The heritage must not be lost sight of in the hurrying crowd of events, and the swift current of history. What our fathers entrusted to us, should be imparted constantly to our children, should be cherished as the most precious thing, next to faith in God. Our fathers' God requires it of us. We have neglected it too long. It is our sacred duty to take this heritage, and to bind it to our hearts, fulfilling its trusts and requirements. Then are we fitted—when we and our

children with us, thus realize our responsibilities in having possessed such ancestors; then are we fitted, and not till then, to do our best for all within this blessed and free Republic of ours.

Those glorious principles and institutions founded by our fathers at such a cost, are in danger of being dimmed or entirely lost sight of. Where is our American Sabbath in comparison to the place it should hold in our esteem? I tell you, friends, that glorious gift to man by our All-wise Creator, is in danger. And we, the restless American men and women, high-strung and ceaselessly occupied in the race for acquirement, wealth, position, intellectual attainment, and the thousand and one other objects of our ambition, are in the greatest danger, when we loosen our clasp of this greatest gift to man—the pause of one day in seven for the contemplation of holy things—the season in which we publicly worship God, whom we profess to hope to enjoy forever. I am not arguing for the return to the Puritan Sabbath, or that of the Revolutionary War period, or even of that of half a century ago. Those were dark and troublous times of emergence into a clearer knowledge of God's design for us in spiritual as well as national affairs. I am speaking for the preservation of the American Sabbath, that glorious institution that, along with the home, should be kept as part of our heritage left us by our ancestors.

For the concerted study of every local Society in the United States during the year 1897 I have planned as the subject, "The Constitution of our United States." It seems to me that nothing will so root and ground our young members in the knowledge we desire for them, nothing will help them so much toward that better development we hope for them as the Constitution of our Country. For the next twelve months, therefore, we shall take in the meetings of the local Societies and for the individual work of the members, this study. Examinations will be held at different times, and diplomas for the best examinations issued, which will also include examinations on a line of reading as side lights on the study of the Constitution. In this way I hope to have the work of 1897, till our annual meeting, February 22, 1898, prove a grand step onward and upward.

I can close in no more fitting way for the day and the occasion than to quote the anecdote I have often quoted, given by Count Dumas, as follows: "At the close of the conference with the French officers at Hartford, in March, 1781, Rochambeau detailed Count Dumas to escort General Washington part of the way to his headquarters on the Hudson. They reached a certain town, Count Dumas says, Providence, Rhode Island, at nightfall. A company of children bearing torches came out to meet him, crowding around him and calling him 'Father.' Washington, whose soul was stung by the treason of Arnold, had at this time a deep gloom settling like a pall over his intrepid spirit. He was greatly touched, and seizing the hand of Count Dumas he pointed to the children and said with deep emotion: 'We may be beaten by the British on the field, it is the chance of war, but behold an army that can never be conquered!'"

RESPONSE BY MRS. JOSEPH CABELL BRECKINRIDGE, DIRECTOR FOR THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

To the President of the National Society, Children of the American Revolution: I would that the pleasant duty of saluting our chief officer and duly welcoming her in our midst in the Capital City of our country, had fallen into the hands more familiar with public assemblies and more capable of doing justice to an occasion so unique, and to services and merits beyond ordinary comparison and praise. My hesitation and unreadiness about assuming so unfamiliar a role you well know, and have with your usual kindness condoned; so with this consciousness of my own unskillfulness, let me assure you again of what you must be aware, that no one can appreciate more highly than these District Children, the marvelous energy you have displayed, the tireless devotion, the intelligent and tactful direction, the noble enthusiasm, which has brought order out of chaos, and breathed life into a new organization, whose motive is as high as love of country, and its aim and object to defend "the right as God gives us to see the right" and to bestow the blessings of liberty upon all mankind, in so far as lifelong devotion may enable us by word and deed, to help our fellow man. In the memories of the past, in the duties of the present, and in the hopes of the future, we are united. Our hands may be thousands, but our heart is but one.

"It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind."—(Scott.)

And here gathered and representing every battle of the past from the Fayal and English Channel to Cascassia and New Orleans, and espousing every high purpose for which Franklin wrought or Washington fought, or Nathan Hale died, or the patriots endured and suffered at Valley Forge or Quebec, we, who represent the National Capital, stand here to welcome you who come from every expanding State of our imperial Republic; well knowing when "marching as if to war," with such comrades beside us, and such a leader in our front, and all the inspiration of Old Glory floating o'er us, that we have already won the day. Under the blessing of Divine Providence it doeth still appear that this day and to-morrow is ours, and the hope of the good people of all the earth is still with us.

RETURN OF THE NATIONAL EMBLEM.

As it was impossible, though every effort was made by them, for any Connecticut young delegates to be present, the "Nelly Cussis Society," of Washington, District of Columbia, headed by forty-four members of the Henderson Drum Corps, bore the National emblem up the aisle to the platform. They were followed by the other members, who were to execute the Continental March and Flag Drill.

In the absence, occasioned by illness, of Mrs. Cuthbert Harrison Slocumb, State Director for Connecticut, Mrs. Sara T. Kinney, State Regent Daughters of the American Revolution and State Promoter Children of the American Revolution for Connecticut, read the admirable address by Mrs. Slocumb, given at the "Send-off Rally" in Connecticut when the emblem was returned to Washington. This address was printed in full in the March number. Mrs. Kinney also read the following message pinned to the floating ribbons of the emblem:

Emblem! return whence you came to inspire and comfort youthful patriots!

Help others work as you have helped us!

Come back! when we have proven ourselves worthy and important enough!

CONNECTICUT CHILDREN OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.
NEW LONDON, *February, 1897.*

The Emblem was handed by its young bearer to Mrs. Kinney, who returned it to Mrs. Lothrop; she passed it to the Secretary of the Old "North Ridge Society," who placed it in its standard on the left of the platform, where it remained till the close of the exercises.

The National President received the Emblem, paying a tribute to the Connecticut Societies and to their State Director, and concluding with these words:

I receive from you, representing the Societies of the Children of the American Revolution of the State of Connecticut, the National Emblem presented to you by me at the annual Convention of 1896. It was won by Connecticut, your State, you having the largest number of local Societies, eleven in number.

On the floating blue ribbon you will therefore see the golden letters and figures which have been added, that thus record that yours is the banner Society as regards the number of local Societies for the year just past. In this way, I shall have the record marked each year, as the banner is returned at the Annual Convention.

At the close of this Convention the Emblem will be awarded for the year, to the State having by its annual report the largest number of local Societies.

Some of the two-minute greetings by members of the Society:

GREETING FROM LUCY HAYES BRECKINRIDGE, OF THE CAPITAL SOCIETY,
WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, ON FEBRUARY 22, 1897.

In this unprecedented labor of love in which you are now engaged how much there is to absorb, how much to encourage, may easily fail of full appreciation from those who have not felt its enthusiasm nor enlisted in its ennobling work.

This organization has brought together those who are tied to their country's history by every tie of blood and by every hope on earth; and in

those memories and hopes have united us for a purpose so lofty that every true heart thrills with delight that some chance is given to add our mite to the over-flowing coffers of the Children of Liberty. We have joined the throng not as a mob, but as an organized, systematic, disciplined force that cannot long be disregarded, for we intend to do good work, and work that shall be felt in the cause of liberty. We are guardians of an inestimable treasure, earned in trouble and truth and as we pace the streets or rest at home, we are still alert as sentinels on guard.

Under your guidance, we stand and have taken the pledge. Each is ready to say "Here am I, send me" We are heirs of a rich inheritance and do not intend to be recreant to its duties. All who have suffered for fair freedom's care, have done so also for us. We are the heirs of all ages, and of all who have loved liberty and struggled for freedom since the old world began. And in this new world we live our day and give all glory to our Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories, "and pray in season and out of season that He will extend the blessings of liberty to all mankind and save our native land. Others share with us this inheritance, their duties and their hopes. The burden and the delight is enough for all who would partake, to share. Others may forget them or excel us. Let the future prove it. But for us and our house, our pledge is quite complete. For this we are organized, for this we stand shoulder to shoulder, for this we will stand fast!"

GREETING BY MARGARET M. LOTHROP SECRETARY "OLD NORTH BRIDGE SOCIETY" CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS.

Madam President, Daughters of the American Revolution, Children of the American Revolution and Friends assembled: I bring greetings from the "Old North Bridge Society" of Concord Massachusetts. The society was named for the spot where the battle was fought which brought independence and liberty to all our people. This verse of Ralph Waldo Emerson is inscribed on the base of the statue of the Minute Man:

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled;
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world."

To-day as we come to commemorate Washington's birth day, I think we boys and girls ought to look at Washington as a boy, rather than as a man, and to remember that if he had not done his small duties faithfully, he could never have achieved his grand work, and I think we boys and girls ought to follow "The Father of our Country" in faithfulness in our little duties, and obey the motto which Washington chose as his own, and which is the motto of the National Society "For God and my Country."

GREETING OF JOSEPH T. KELLY, JR., MEMBER OF "PIRAM RIPLEY SOCIETY," OF WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Madam President, Daughters of the American Revolution, Children of the American Revolution and Friends: It gives me pleasure to extend to you greeting from the Piram Ripley Society of the District of Columbia.

We bid you welcome to our city; a city grown within the century from a meagre country village, fringing the river bank, into one of the fairest capitals of the world; a city worthy to bear the name of him who chose its site and planned its future, and whose body, buried within the precincts of the home he loved so well, guards like a silent sentinel the capital of the Republic which represents to-day the result of his unswerving devotion to God and country.

It is eminently fitting that the day which celebrates the beginning of his life should also mark the opening of this Congress of loyal women and youth, assembled from every quarter of our land to honor him whose deeds and fame ensure perpetual memorial in the heart of a great Republic.

We welcome you to share with us the delights of this great capital. Before you stretches the panorama of noble scenes and sights the city affords; its broad avenues, flanked by stately trees; its parks and reservations, beautiful though dressed in sombre winter colors; its ornate and majestic public buildings; the capital, home of law and justice, the peerless library with its teeming literary collections, the national museum with its treasures garnered from the entire world, other buildings representing the life and history of the Nation in its various departments; and last though not least the Washington Monument, whose pure shaft points ever upward.

We give you welcome, however, not merely to these inanimate memorials of beauty and greatness, but to warm and loyal hearts which have anticipated your coming with pleasure and greet you to-day with assurances of fraternal feeling and regard. We trust that your stay among us may be all that your hearts can wish, that your fondest expectations may be more than realized, and that when you return homeward to replenish the fires of patriotism upon you altars you may have nothing but the happiest recollections of your visit among us.

Convention reports continued in July number.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

The United States Constitution will be the subject, until February 10, 1898, for study by all the Societies, as planned at the annual convention. Let a part, at least, of each meeting be devoted to it.

The author of the book discussed and recommended at the convention as a guide, "Facts I ought to know about the government of my country," has just ready an edition in red linen binding; price to mem-

bers of the Children of the American Revolution, thirty cents. It is hoped that every member will procure a copy, so that the study can be begun at the June meetings.

Let the book be put into the trunk for the summer vacation. It will not be found dry and hard to understand, but delightful and fascinating. The questions are as good as a game to interest a party of young people.

At the next convention all those members who can show knowledge of the subject satisfactory to the committee will be awarded a diploma.

The question of continuing the study next year will be voted upon at the convention.

The book can be used in any way the President of a local Society may desire. The book is compiled by the principal of the Chandler Street School, Worcester, Massachusetts. He is also the publisher. His address is: Mr. W. H. Bartlett, 129 Pleasant Street, Worcester, Massachusetts.

LET every Society hold a meeting of half an hour at least, on the 4th of July, to read the Declaration of Independence, preceded by "The Salute to the Flag."

It is hoped that the day will be full of fun and pleasure for all our members. Let us be sure to save a little time to get the *spirit* of the day into our hearts deeper than ever. It will help us all through the year in our Society work.

Let each Society elect its reader as soon as possible, to whom will be given this great honor.

IN MEMORIAM.

JAMES POWELL KERNOCHAN.—The New York City Chapter Daughters of the American Revolution, has learned with deep regret of the great bereavement which has come to its ex-Regent, Mrs. Kernochan, in the death of her husband, Mr. James Powell Kernochan, and it extends to her its deepest sympathy and condolence in this time of trial and sorrow.

EMMA G. LATHROP,

Historian.

MRS. DONALD McLEAN,

Regent.

March 26, 1897.

MRS. MARY FRANCES JACKSON PECK.—The Lake Dunmore Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, regretfully ask a place in the "In Memoriam" column of the Monthly, for a loving tribute to Mrs. Mary Frances Jackson Peck, wife of Dr. C. W. Peck,—first of our Chapter members to leave us. Mrs. Peck was the great, great, grand-daughter of Lieutenant Ephraim Jackson, who served in the Old French War of 1755 and 1756. Twenty years later he was on the Newton Alarm List, and, when Paul Revere called to the country folks—"Up and to arms!" Lieutenant Jackson joined the Revolutionary Army, and was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel of the 10th Massachusett. He took part in the several battles preceding the capture of Burgoyne, and died in camp at Valley Forge, December 19, 1777.

A loyal and worthy descendant of this patriotic ancestor, Mrs. Peck was a valued member of our Chapter. In the prime of life, attractive in person, gracious in bearing, lovely in spirit, devoted to her family circle, esteemed and loved by her many friends, her loss will remain a lasting sorrow. The memory of her kindness of heart, her ready sympathy, and her helpfulness to all in need, will long serve as an inspiration to us who mourn her too early departure.—*Historian.*

EMMA L. KING DURBROW died in San Francisco, November 19th, 1896, Emma L. King Durbrow, widow of Joseph Durbrow.

Mrs. Durbrow was born in New York in 1821, leaving there after her marriage, and for forty years had lived in San Francisco. On May 1, 1894, she was elected a life member of Sequoia Chapter, of the Daughters of the American Revolution, being eligible from both grandfathers, Count Jean de la Porte, and John King. She traced her ancestry back to 1191, when the brothers George and Herbert la Porte accompanied Richard Coeur de Lion to the Holy Land. A noble woman, active in every walk of life, Mrs. Durbrow was honored and loved by all who knew her.

MISS REBECCA ELLIOT.—It is with deep sorrow that Shikelimo Chapter, of Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, records the first death among its membership.

On March 29, Miss Rebecca Elliot died at her home in Germantown, Pennsylvania. Though not a resident of Lewisburg, she became a member of Shikelimo Chapter, because here many of her distinguished ancestors had lived and died. In 1776 her great-grandfather, Henry Spyker, served as adjutant of a militia regiment on duty at Amboy, New Jersey. He also served as paymaster of the militia from 1777 until 1785. His manuscript journal is still in possession of his descendants in Lewisburg, together with many other valuable papers. He was also colonel of the Sixth Battalion of Berks County militia, and from 1788 to 1790 he was member of Assembly from Berks county. Her great-grandfather, Peter Spyker, was appointed one of the Judges of Berks county in 1763, and continued to officiate by appointment until his death in 1789. He was the principal officer of Berks county during the War of the Revolution. In 1732 her great-great-grandfather, Conrad Weiser, was appointed by the proprietary governor as interpreter for the Six Nations. The nobility of her ancestry was richly inherited by Miss Elliot. Her life was devoted to thoughts and deeds of benevolence. She was a prominent church worker, and actively identified with several local charitable organizations. In her, all needy men and women, as

well as all philanthropic movements had a faithful, generous friend. Her funeral services were conducted by Rev. Dr. McCook, at her late residence, 420 Cheltam avenue, Germantown, Pennsylvania. IDA MAE EDWARDS, *Corresponding Secretary*.

MRS. SUSAN WARNER NICHOLS WAKEMAN.—Died at Southport, Connecticut, March 5, 1897, Mrs. Susan Warner Nichols, widow of Zalmon Wakeman, in the eighty-first year of her age, Regent of Dorothy Ripley Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution. The first deep impulse of sorrow, stirred by the death of Mrs. Wakeman, must soon be tempered by profound thanksgiving for a life sweet and helpful, a character strong, devout, and happy, whose earthly close was free from pain and full of heavenly peace and hope. Her affection for the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution was both intelligent and enthusiastic. The granddaughter of a revolutionary soldier, to whose stories of the war and its meaning she had often listened, her interest in the Society, strong at the beginning, grew with the years, and the last months of her long life were richer, brighter and happier because of her personal work as Regent. Her's was the serenity without the infirmity of age.

"The harvest time had come
To pluck away the frosted leaves
And bear the treasure home."

Southport, Connecticut, March 11, 1897.



OFFICIAL.

HEADQUARTERS NATIONAL SOCIETY.

902 F St., Washington, D. C.

OF THE

DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

National Board of Management 1897

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1524 Twenty-Fifth St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Attorney General.

HOW TO BECOME A MEMBER.

Any woman is eligible for membership in the NATIONAL SOCIETY DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, who is of the age of eighteen years, and is descended from a patriot man or woman who aided in establishing American Independence, *provided the applicant is acceptable to the Society.* Family tradition alone in regard to the services of an ancestor, unaccompanied by proof will not be considered.

All persons duly qualified, who have been regularly admitted by the National Board of Management, shall be members of the *National Society*, but for purposes of convenience, they may be organized into local Chapters (those belonging to the National Society alone being known as members-at-large).

Application Blanks and Constitutions will be furnished on request by the State Regent of the State in which you reside, or by the "Corresponding Secretary General" at headquarters, 902 F street, Washington, D. C.

Application should be made out in *duplicate*, one of which is kept on file at National Headquarters and one returned to file with a Chapter should one be joined.

The application must be *endorsed by at least one member of the Society*. The application, when properly filled out, should be directed to "Registrars General, D. A. R., Room 52, 902 F street, N. W., Washington, D. C."

The initiation fee is One Dollar; the annual dues are Two Dollars.

The sum (Three Dollars) should be sent by check or money order, *never by cash*, to "Treasurer General, D. A. R., Washington, D. C."

No application will be considered until this fee is paid. If not accepted this amount will be returned.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

April, 1897.

DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

RECEIPTS.

Cash on hand March 3,	\$9,141 28
Fees and dues,	1,499 00
Charters and life members,	95 00
Blanks and stationery, &c.,	2 20
Rosettes,	61 70
Directory,	15 00
Ribbon,	7 01
Spoons,	11 00
Lineage Books, 1, 2, 3,	74 00
Plaques,	40 00
Statute Books,	50
Interest on bonds,	50 00
Paper cutters,	22 50
Certificates,	1 00
Continental Hall—	
Saranac,	\$25 00
Mrs. Hazen,	205 00

OFFICIAL.

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Mrs. J. W. Hopkins,	\$10 00
Mrs. S. M. Mammen,	5 00
Miss English,	10 00
Mrs. Petes,	10 00
Mrs. Baldwin,	375 00
Mrs. Mead,	25 00
Mrs. Smith,	10 00
Mrs. Mellon,	100 00
Mrs. Schautz,	50 00
Mrs. Smith,	100 00
Knickerbocker Chapter,	50 00
Fort Green Chapter,	12 00
Knickerbocker Chapter,	50 00
Maryland Line Chapter,	25 00

1,087 00

\$12,107 19

DISBURSEMENTS.

Paper cutters,	\$16 88
Magazine,	650 55
4 U. S. Bonds, current investment,	4,465 00
Dues refunded,	150 00
Rosettes,	80 00
Ribbons,	27 00
Spoons,	2 40
Permanent Fund—	
Continental Hall,	\$1,087 00
Charters and life members,	95 00
Plaques,	40 00

1,222 00

Recording Secretary General.

Engraving,	15 75
Office expense,	1 40
Clerk,	50 00

67 15

Postage for State Regents.

R. C. Bacon,	\$4 22
New Mexico,	6 00

10 22

Historian General.

Office expense,	\$1 25
Clerk,	70 00
Clerk,	30 00

101 25

Curator.

Stamped envelopes,	\$90 00	
Office expense,	20 00	
Stationery,	55 45	
Binding books,	24 00	
Curator's salary,	75 00	
Acting Curator's salary,	50 00	
	<hr/>	\$314 45

Registrar General.

Postage and cards,	\$16 00	
Engraving,	30 40	
Clerk,	50 00	
Clerk,	50 00	
	<hr/>	146 40

Librarian General.

Binding,	\$8 05	
Index cards,	2 25	
	<hr/>	10 30

Continental Congress.

Transportation of singers,	\$7 00	
Stenographer,	250 00	
	<hr/>	257 00

General Office Expenses.

Rent,	\$125 00	
Typewriting,	1 00	
Printing, etc.,	46 70	
Stenographer,	75 00	
Card Catalogue Clerk,	50 00	
	<hr/>	297 70

Corresponding Secretary General.

Office Expenses,		10 00
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Treasurer General.

Painting sign on door,	\$ 75	
Typewriting,	7 95	
Cards, &c.,	3 10	
Rubber stamps,	2 50	
Stationery,	3 55	
Check-book,	11 00	
Rent, safe box,	5 00	
Bookkeeper,	100 00	
Clerk,	50 00	
	<hr/>	183 85
Balance on hand,		4,095 04

12,107 19

ASSETS.

March 30, Real Estate, Notes and Bonds,	18,472 42
March 30, Permanent Fund,	4,906 89
April 30, Permanent Fund.	
Continental Hall,	\$1,087 00
Chart and L. M.,	95 00
Placques,	40 00
	<hr/> 1,222 00
April, 4 U. S. Bonds—Current Invest.,	4,465 00
April 30, Cash on hand—Current Fund,	4,095 04
	<hr/> \$33,161 35

Accrued interest on Securities to May 1 as follows:

\$1,000 Am. S. & T. Bond, No. 20,	\$9 17
500 Am. S. & T. Bond, No. 67,	4 58
500 Am. S. & T. Bond, No. 108,	4 58
100 Am. S. & T. Bond, No. 205,	92
100 Am. S. & T. Bond, No. 206,	92
100 Am. S. & T. Bond, No. 207,	92
100 Am. S. & T. Bond, No. 208,	92
1,000 Real Estate Note,	28 16
2,500 Real Estate Note.	71 25
	<hr/> 121 42

SARAH HILLIARD HATCH,
Treasurer General, D. A. R.

Since this report I have received \$75.00 interest on bonds.

Contributions to Continental Hall Fund received by the Treasurer General since March 1, 1897.

Mrs. Geo. W. Coleman, of Massachusetts,	\$10 00
Mrs. Francis Nash, of Washington, District of Columbia,	5 00
Mrs. Thomas W. Worrell, of Frankford, Pennsylvania,	1 00
Through Letitia Green Stevenson Chapter:	
Mrs. Sarah M. Mammen,	\$5 00
Mrs. C. R. Parke,	5 00
Mrs. Mary C. Marmon,	5 00
Mrs. Emma B. Brown,	5 00
Mrs. Mary A. Cheney,	1 00
Miss Grace Cheney,	1 00
Mrs. C. J. Northrop,	1 00
Mrs. J. B. Taylor,	1 00
Mrs. D. Lee Smith,	1 00
	<hr/> 25 00

George Taylor Chapter,	\$10 00
Milwaukee Chapter,	200 00
Rebecca Mott Chapter,	5 00
Lake Dunmore Chapter,	10 00
Asa Pollard Society, Children of the American Revolution of Massachusetts, through its President, Martha A. Dodge, . .	5 00
Maryland Line Chapter, through its Regent, Miss Florence Mackubin (pledge redeemed),	25 00
Knickerbocker Chapter, through its Regent, Mrs. R. H. Greene (pledge redeemed),	100 00
Through Fort Greene Chapter, Mrs. Alice Morse Earle (pledge redeemed),	\$10 00
Mrs. Kate Flonders Pelton,	2 00
	<hr/>
	12 00
Saranac Chapter,	25 00
Mary Washington Colonial Chapter,	205 00
Mrs. Hazen, of Pelham Manor, New York (a memorial gift redeemed),	25 00
Continental Chapter, District of Columbia,	50 00

ERRATA.

National Magazine, November Number, AMERICAN MONTHLY.

On page 514 at the end of the first paragraph of Mrs. Slocomb's address word "Evangelistical" should be "Evangelical" again.

On page 311, March 1897, paragraph third word, "bustling" should be "hustling," and in paragraph fourth, after "Isaac Wheeler" should be "William Latham, Jr.," left out by the typewriter perhaps, and should come in before the Thomas Avery Society's name. My attention has been called to this oversight by a New York Daughter greatly interested in the "Wm. Latham, Jr., Society," and who came from New York with her grandson (a descendant) for that occasion!

MRS CUTHBERT H. SLOCOMB.

